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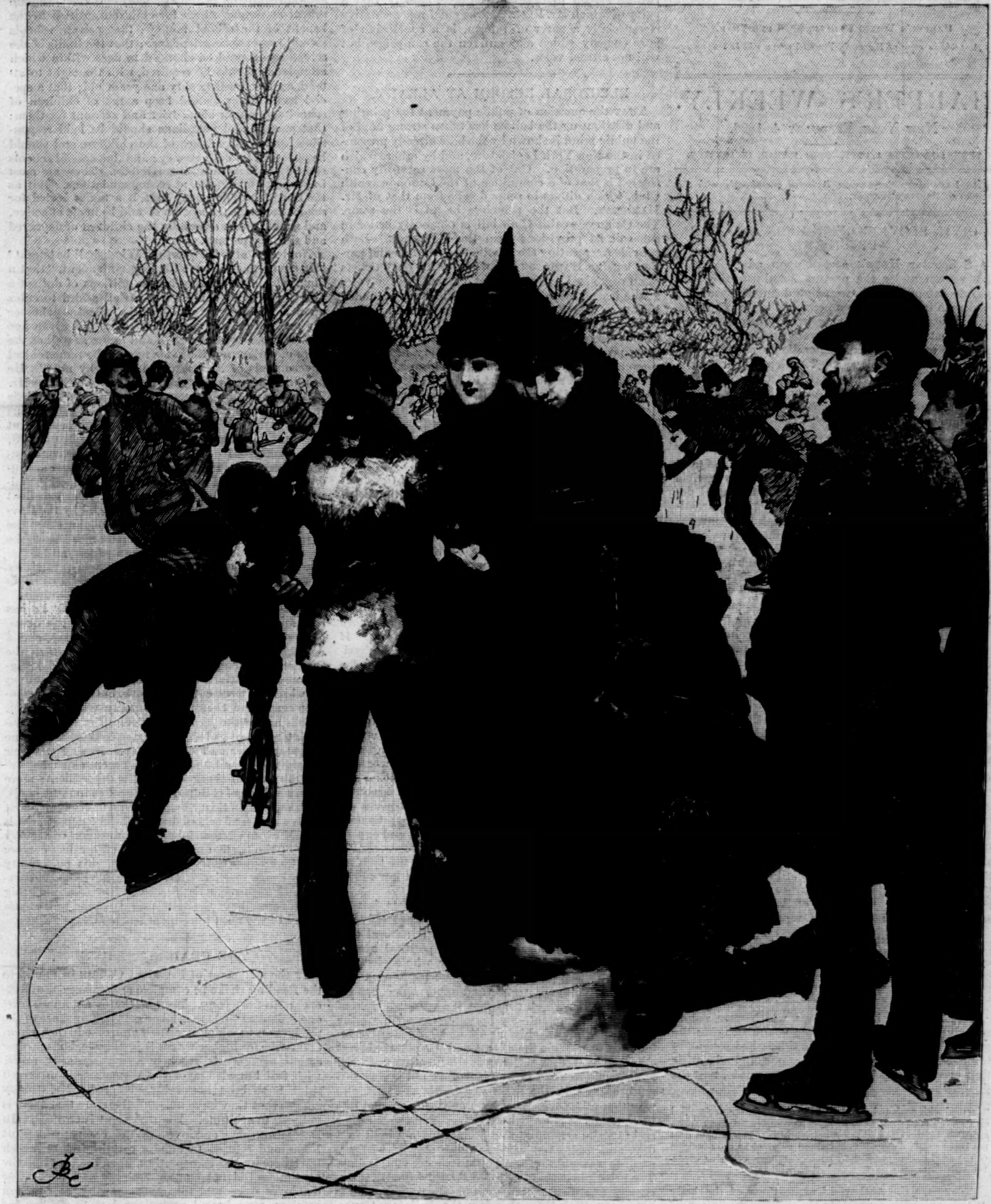

AN "ADEPT" IN THE ART OF SKATING.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK BARNARD.—[SEE PAGE 82.]

"Harper's Young People is deservedly popular, and is among the first and best of periodicals for the young."—*The Living Church.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

In the number for January 31st, "Maud's Musical Adventure," by Lucy C. Lillie, *is concluded, and "A New Robinson Crusoe" increases in interest as it draws near the end.*

In "Some Inhabitants of a Drop of Water," Dr. Stokes *continues to reveal some of the most curious forms of Infusoria. By his singularly clear and sympathetic treatment the writer invests a scientific subject with unusual interest for non-scientific readers.*

The principal illustration is a full-page drawing by W. P. Snyder, *entitled*

SAVED FROM THE BLIZZARD.

This is accompanied by a short description of some of the thrilling incidents of the recent great storm in the West.

Other important articles are Mr. Black's *second article on Photography (with illustrations), a story by* Sydney Dayre, *and poems by* Dora Read Goodale, Margaret Johnson, *and* Palmer Cox.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, February 4, 1888.

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An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORMERS AND THE PRESIDENT.

As Senator Hale's speech upon administrative reform under the present Administration was plainly intended for a campaign document, we have read with interest the comments of the press upon it. The Democratic papers are generally content to say either that the Republicans were greater sinners in the same way, or that a Democratic President properly sweeps out Republicans. The Republican papers, on the other hand, agree that it is a conclusive exposure of an abominable sham and humbug. They add, of course, that the poor deluded mugwumps will now creep tearfully back to the fold of a party which proves its devotion to reform by its enthusiasm for Mr. Blaine. One of the most ardent of the Blaine papers asks why the independent and reform papers are dumb before Mr. Hale's terrible arraignment, and the Blaine press in general declares that the silence is due to the dogged determination to see no fault in the Cleveland administration. On the contrary, the reformers have most strongly and persistently exposed the very fault which occasions the remark. As we said last week, the friends of reform published the facts now presented by Mr. Hale six months ago, and expressed freely their surprise, regret, and disappointment. The first thorough and detailed survey of all the facts in regard to reform under this Administration was presented in a special report of the Reform League at the end of last March. It showed clearly the Executive course in Maryland and Indiana and elsewhere, and condemned it frankly; and the report declared as its conclusion that the Administration stood at the parting of the ways, and that its future action would determine the final public judgment of its relation to reform. This was in the middle of the Executive term, and the report was a perfectly fair statement of the situation.

In Harper's Weekly for the 9th of July a leading article called attention to a table of statistics in regard to changes in the service, such as Mr. Hale quotes in his speech. The Weekly did not evade or belittle the statement, and said that the table, if not altogether incorrect, showed that by the close of the term of the Administration the civil service would be as completely partisan as under any recent Administration. In the beginning of August the annual address of the president of the League at Newport said:

> "It would be a great wrong to the cause of which the League is the authorized national representative if it did not plainly and emphatically declare that it does not regard the Administration, however worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons, as in any strict sense of the words a civil service reform Administration."

The League, in its resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, also said, after acknowledging the good faith with which the President had sought to uphold the civil service examinations, and admitting that excellent appointments had been made, that the League had

> "learned with profound regret that the change in the unclassified civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the Administration. The League does not believe such a change to have been required by the condition of the service, nor justified by intelligent public desire or expectation."

These are the authorized expressions of the body which officially represents the reform sentiment of the country. The independent press has been from the Higgins appointment until now the earliest and strongest critic and censor of the reform course of the Administration. Reformers have evaded nothing and concealed nothing. But their frank and fair comments have been made in the interest of reform, and not merely for the purpose of discrediting the President. They have not affected to conceal their regret and disappointment in view of the facts which they themselves fully presented. But they have as frankly admitted the great difficulties which have surrounded the President, and they have acknowledged heartily whatever has been well done. They also have truly said that the Administration, which in this respect has disappointed expectation, might yet be "worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons." That is a fact which the statistics which they and Mr. Hale have published to the country cannot disturb, while, as we showed last week, the conclusion which it was apparently the purpose of Mr. Hale's speech to urge and enforce, namely, that a party of which Mr. Blaine is the chief representative is especially a party of reform, is a conclusion of pure comedy which may enliven the campaign, but will not attract votes.

ELECTORAL REFORM AT ALBANY.

That the question of public payment for printing and distributing the ballots has taken strong hold of the public mind is shown by the bills already presented in the New York Legislature, and by others which are in preparation. One of the most carefully considered is that of a committee of the Commonwealth Club, which differs in some details from that of Mr. Hamilton. But the principle in all is the same. The Commonwealth Club bill is obviously better in some of its provisions than the Hamilton. Both provide for printing the nominations of the chief parties, but the Hamilton bill would print only tickets of an organized party that cast one-tenth of the votes at the last election. But this would have excluded ballots of the Buffalo nominations in 1848 and of the Republicans in 1856, and is plainly unfair. The Commonwealth bill provides for printing nominations properly attested to the Secretary of State of persons proposed by five hundred electors, which is reasonable. A serious defect in the Hamilton bill is the provision of payment of five dollars by the nominating parties for each thousand tickets required. This leaves the pretext of "necessary expense," under which candidates are assessed, and which it is one chief object of a reformed system to abolish altogether.

The point of difficulty is the marking of tickets at the polls. The Hamilton bill provides for the distribution to each voter by two clerks of different politics a full set of all ballots printed, which are to be enclosed in a book with a stub. The voter in a compartment destroys, in the presence of the clerks, the ballots that he does not choose, and then votes secretly the others. The Commonwealth bill provides that designated inspectors shall furnish the ballots to each voter, having first written their own names upon them. The voter is then secretly to mark as before and vote, not delaying more than ten minutes. If he swears that he cannot read or write, or is physically unable to mark and prepare his ballot, one of the designated inspectors shall prepare it as the voter directs. In both cases no one is to be allowed in the compartment but the voter, and his assistant in case of need. In the great cities this would result in the larger part, or a very large part, of the voters voting under the strict surveillance of the inspector. But it must be remembered that nothing can be worse in this respect than the present system, and that no possible arrangement can make stupid and ignorant voters intelligent. The proposed method gives every practicable chance, and abolishes a great many abuses. Certain details may be changed, and experience will doubtless suggest other amendments, should such a bill become law. But of any of the bills already submitted, an excellent and efficient law can be constructed.

Those who think that the present system is well enough are not well informed, and have probably not thought much upon the subject. It is natural that the most necessary reforms in our political system should be those of methods. Our whole electoral scheme, devised at a time when the population was small and politically simple and uncorrupted, has become a system which threatens the very principle of popular government—an honest expression of the public will; and a chief result of administrative reforms is to provide the easiest and surest and fairest elections as well as the best administrative methods. Money in elections is now so great a force that it must be met in the same reasonable and effective way that other evils have been encountered, and like them it will be remedied. We trust that the amusing and favorite argument that Rome was not built in a day, and that great reforms come slowly, will not avail to weaken a reform bill at its most vital points. The principle is that the State should pay all the necessary expenses of the election. But no expense is more essential than printing the ballots. Consequently to leave part of the printing for somebody else to pay is to abandon the principle. One chief object of such a bill is to leave no excuse for the payment of the printing by somebody else. This bill and the high license bill are the two most important measures which will probably demand the attention of the Legislature during the winter.

NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York is a document which shows an interest in the subject discussed which is comprehensive and sagacious, and not in the least perfunctory. Mr. Draper points out that there is a large uneducated class in the State, which is constantly growing larger, and that the attendance upon the schools does not keep pace with the population, and that the compulsory attendance law "does not compel." He promptly and forcibly recommends, therefore, that the law should require cities and districts to provide adequate school accommodations for children entitled to the benefit of the school money; that private schools should report their attendance; that the limits of the school age should be changed to ages within which attendance should be required, with the right to attend, as now, until twenty-one years old; that a special local officer should keep a list of children of school age within his district, and account for them; that parents and guardians should be held responsible for the attendance of the children, and should be punished for delinquency; and that special schools should be provided for incorrigibles. These are most important and significant recommendations. But, as the Superintendent truly says, if a tax is levied for school purposes, the system should be made effective, and should reach especially the children of depraved and shiftless parents.

Not less vital is the question, What shall be taught? "It seems to me," says the Superintendent, "that a State which is spending fifteen millions of dollars a year for general education can well afford to enter upon a full inquiry which will determine whether the mass of children in this country of a given age can read and write and spell and figure as well as the mass of children of the same age in the monarchical governments of Europe, and if not, why not?" He has himself grave doubts upon the subject. Mr. Draper says that the normal schools are doing their work well, and he makes some excellent suggestions as to the methods of appropriation for them. But were the number of the normal schools doubled, they could not half supply the demand for common-school teachers. He renews, therefore, his recommendation that certificates should be issued upon examinations prepared by the department. An excellent bill for this purpose last year was vetoed by the Governor. But its advantages were so obvious that the State Teachers' Association last summer asked the department to supply the question papers, and sixty-five of the one hundred and thirteen School Commissioners in the State have agreed to issue no certificates except upon such examinations.

This report of Mr. Draper's, like all that he has said and done during his incumbency of the office, shows a clear intelligence, a vigorous grasp, and a courageous and progressive spirit, upon which the State may be congratulated. There is no official priggishness or pettiness or mere routine in the manner in which he prosecutes his work, but a sturdy common-sense and thorough sympathy with its object, which are of the highest service. The office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State is one of great power and opportunity. During the year nearly fifteen millions of dollars were expended under the general supervision of the department; more than a million of children were enrolled in the schools, with more than thirty-one thousand teachers in about twelve thousand school districts. The department is brought into close and detailed connection with every part of the State, and no public officer has a more constant opportunity of impressing his personality upon every district. Mr. Draper's vigilance, energy, and strong convictions must have a stimulating effect throughout the State, and enlist the warm sympathy of the most intelligent teachers.

THE READING STRIKE.

If the statement of President Corbin in regard to the Reading strike be complete and correct, the strikers are in the wrong. The question is not an abstract one. It is not whether labor gets its fair share of the production to which it contributes, or whether a general strike for higher wages is justifiable, but whether actual agreements recently and voluntarily made, with full knowledge of the whole situation on all sides, have been honorably observed. Mr. Corbin alleges that they have not, and therefore that there is nothing to arbitrate. His statement is twofold. In December some employés of the company at Port Richmond refused to handle certain freight, which the company was transporting, upon the plea that the consignees did not employ Knights of Labor. The employés were told that the company, as common carriers, were bound under the law to deliver the freight; but the employés still refusing, they were discharged. Then all the employés upon the road were ordered by the Knights of Labor to strike, and they struck, refusing to return until the discharged men were reinstated. The company declined, and the employés, to the number of 2500, left its service, without any complaint whatever of overwork, or unfair wages, or unkind treatment, and notwithstanding the terms of their engagement to comply with all reasonable orders of the company. The president of the company says that no employé will be ostracized either because he does or does not belong to a labor organization, but that, of course, every employé must obey reasonable orders, and there is no complaint that the handling of the freight at Port Richmond was an unreasonable demand. The men's places are filled, new men have been employed, and the trouble on the railroad is ended.

The second point is that the Reading Coal Company and the miners agreed, with full knowledge and no kind of concealment or misunderstanding, to a certain advanced rate of wages from September 1, 1887, to January 1, 1888. It was stipulated that the company would pay from that time any advanced rate to which other companies should agree, but that if no agreement should be reached by the 1st of January, the old rates should be resumed. Toward the end of December, no advance having been made elsewhere, the miners asked the company what it intended to do. The company replied that it proposed to observe the agreement already made, and after the 1st of January, if the miners observed it also, the company would be willing to reopen the question of wages, and in any case would be always ready to pay as high a rate of wages as any other coal company. Thereupon the miners struck, first, because the discharged railroad employés were not reinstated, and second, because the company would not continue to pay the eight per cent. advance in wages. The demand of the strikers, therefore, is that the railroad company shall not manage its own business, and that the coal company shall pay a much higher rate of wages than its immediate competitors, to the obvious destruction of its business. The miners' committee allege that Mr. CORBIN misrepresents the September agreement, which did not extend beyond January 1st. But until some other agreement is produced than that which Mr. CORBIN produces it must be assumed that it does not exist.

If this be a true statement of the situation, the employés are clearly in the wrong. What they ask is that the companies shall do certain things. But if the companies should engage to do them, why should they be expected to observe their engagement when the employés violate theirs? What possible security can there be on either side if the most explicit agreements are repudiated as the employés have repudiated the agreement of September? Labor and capital can never co-operate harmoniously without good faith upon both sides, and in this instance, assuming the accuracy of the president's statement, the employés' have plainly broken faith. If the employés had observed the contract and acquiesced in the former scale of wages, and had then represented to the company that the rate of wages was unfair and inadequate, and that Pennsylvania miners were notoriously underpaid and their condition sorely straitened, and the alleged action of coal companies in occasionally arbitrarily raising the price of coal had been clearly set forth, the movement would have commanded a public sympathy which, as a wanton violation of a distinct and voluntary agreement, it certainly does not now command. Public sympathy is naturally with the laborer, but it is his misfortune that his action is generally controlled by a designing or an unwise leadership.

A MISTAKE OF METHOD.

HOWEVER widely Republicans may differ from Prohibitionists, they gain nothing by transparent misrepresentation. The Republican policy which seems to us both wise and practicable is high license, and the Prohibition policy is absolute extinction of the drink traffic, and severe restriction of the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. This is plain, and this is the real contest. But to call Prohibitionists demagogues in alliance with rum-sellers is simply silly. Practically and immediately they seem to be working together. But in the same way the Liberty party men seemed to be in alliance with the pro-slavery Democracy. Is any Republican of opinion that the Free-soilers and Conscience Whigs were demagogues to be despised as aiding slavery?

The cases are identical. The Prohibitionists, like the men of whom we speak, are moral reformers who refuse to compromise, and they find in the course of the founders of the Republican party—for such were the Free-soilers and Conscience Whigs—a precedent, a justification, and an encouragement. Now the Prohibition party has a moral enthusiasm which makes it peculiarly dangerous to Republican strength. It attracts from the Republican party those voters—and they are many—who desire a moral issue in politics. The exodus is largely increased by the apparent want of sincerity and earnestness in Republican temperance movements. These movements are always accompanied by a yearning glance toward the German vote and the Republican saloon. Republican temperance reform has an irresistible air of Captain MacHeath. It could be so happy with either high or low license, if only it knew which has the longest—vote.

It ought not to linger longer in doubt. An honest high license which would send off the saloon sulking would attract a great many sincere temperance men who yet have other views and objects in politics, and who do not wish to abandon their Republican connection. But it is useless, again, to insist that Prohibitionists, after all, are ready to compromise upon one saloon for every five hundred inhabitants. As that would restrict the number of saloons without regard to license, they might not oppose it; but they would instantly concentrate their fire, as the *Voice* says, on that one saloon. Republican effort in the Republican Legislature of New York should be devoted to the passage of an honest high-license law, and not to taunting Prohibitionists as tails to the rum-selling kite.

THE FEBRUARY "HARPER."

THE February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is remarkable even for HARPER. Among its contributors are the familiar names of WILLIAM BLACK, Senator EDMUNDS, HENRY JAMES, AMÉLIE RIVES, W. D. HOWELLS, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, EDMUND KIRKE, and LAURENCE HUTTON; and among the illustrations is a full-page social sketch of DU MAURIER, drawn for the Magazine. The papers by writers whose names are less known are also of unusual excellence. It is indeed one of the chief services of the Magazine that it offers to young writers the opportunity which genius and talent instinctively seek of making their names known and rising into fame.

There are several papers in this number which well illustrate the character of the Magazine as a mirror of the time, in which the leading tendencies and spirit of the world of to-day are reflected in their distinctive material aspects. Among these papers are Senator EDMUNDS's discussion of the tariff, J. H. ROSNY's admirably illustrated article upon "Socialism in London," Mr. OSBORNE HOWES's paper upon "The American Shipping Interest," Mr. F. L. HAGADORN's "Ship-Railways, Ancient and Modern," and Mr. PHILIPPE BURTY's sketch of "Félix Buhot, Painter and Etcher." In these papers the reader touches widely removed topics, but all of them full of contemporary interest, and all illustrative of actual life. The happy and essential variety is not wanting of story and travel and description, and the verse is unusually good, from Mr. CRANCH's fine melodious fancy of "The Sword of Lucifer," to Miss AMÉLIE RIVES's delicate refrain of "Love's Seasons," and Miss HUTCHINSON's dainty and pretty ditty of "Pamela in Town."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is now in its seventy-sixth volume, and it was never more popular, and never more deservedly so. Its secret is its constant adaptation to the spirit of the age, which makes changing demands upon periodicals as upon everything else. It may be almost said that nothing is unchanged in HARPER except its cover. There the bubbles are still blown, and the flowers stream as upon its first number. But the mere amused recreation which they symbolize is no longer the sole inspiration of the Magazine, as this number amply and delightfully attests.

THOMAS'S CONCERTS.

THEODORE THOMAS's concerts have never been more delightful than they are this season. The glove thrown down to him last year by GERICKE has been caught up, and the splendor and vigor and delicacy of his orchestra are unsurpassed. It is undoubtedly the finest orchestra ever heard in New York and; it is due to two things: one, that THOMAS conducts it; the other, that it is a picked and permanent orchestra. Moreover, it is largely maintained at his own risk and expense. But it is only by such an orchestra that the finest results can be achieved, and neither THOMAS nor the public that he has educated would tolerate any other results.

THEODORE THOMAS has unquestionably done more for the education and elevation of musical taste in New York than any one else. WAGNER, whose operas for a year or two have entirely supplanted the Italian music in this city, was first made known in this country by THOMAS long ago in his summer Central Park Garden concerts, and there are now no finer orchestral renderings of the WAGNER music than those of THOMAS. He has been so long familiar to us that the sense of his supremacy is somewhat deadened. But no one who has intelligently heard his concerts this winter has failed to observe that his power and skill are undiminished, and that his Napoleonic command of his resources is unrivalled.

THOMAS has stimulated and instructed the rivalries that challenge him. They are all the proof and the tribute of the beneficent musical work that he has accomplished. But still the leader leads. He still interprets BEETHOVEN and the older masters unapproachably, but he turns also the freshest page of the newest music, and makes known the best genius of the time. The service that he has so long rendered, and still renders with increasing charm, merits the amplest recognition. In the stress of contending claims for public attention some things may be forgotten without loss, but THOMAS's concerts are remembered, and will not be forgotten.

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

THE State Commission in New York to consider the question of the best method of capital punishment has submitted an elaborate report, which discusses the subject in every aspect. The Commission recommends execution by electricity as the most certain instant and painless death, and accompanies the recommendation with other suggestions in regard to the circumstances of the execution and the disposition of the bodies of criminals, which are very reasonable.

Among the most revolting incidents of executions is the maudlin sentimentality which is fostered by the sensational publicity given to every detail of the last days of the condemned, and the parade of a public funeral. All this, in the interest of the effectiveness of legal executions and of public decency, should be abolished. The false glamour which is now permitted to envelop a condemned murderer as if he were a hero or a martyr should be dispelled, and nothing should be allowed to obscure the fact that he is a man solemnly adjudged upon deliberate and passionless inquiry to be unfit to live. This is the true view of capital punishment, if it be inflicted at all.

The Commission therefore propose that every execution in the State shall take place at one of the State-prisons at a time which the court shall designate only as within a certain period, the exact day and hour to be determined by proper authority, and communicated only to the few persons who are invited to attend as witnesses. After execution, upon due surgical examination of the body, it is to be handed over for dissection, or buried without ceremony, within the prison enclosure, in a manner to insure its rapid dissolution. The Commission further propose that the public announcement of the execution be limited in its details. These recommendations are all in accord with the soundest and most humane views upon the subject. If the death penalty be meant to deter in the most effective way, it must be stripped of every kind of reportorial romance and spectacular interest, as well as of uncertainty and suffering.

HIGH LICENSE IN TORONTO.

"TORONTOMAN" writes: "In your recent reference to the 'high license' question you ascribe to Toronto the possession of one license to every 500 of the population. We have gone far beyond that in the curtailment of the liquor power. The legal maximum in this province of Ontario barely exceeds that, being in cities one license for first 1000, and one for every 400 above 1000. In Toronto, by a vote of the people, the number of tavern licenses has been reduced to 150, being about one for every 1000 of the population, and a proposal further to limit the number to 100 was defeated by a very small majority three or four weeks ago. We have in this province an excellent license law, which I think would suit exactly the circumstances of New York State."

PERSONAL.

THE Society of the Cincinnati has lost one of its notable members, THOMAS WITTER CHRYSTIE, who died a fortnight ago at his Windsor Hill home, near Newburgh. Mr. CHRYSTIE was eighty years old, and but for injuries received through the running away of his carriage-horses he in all probability would have survived yet several years more, hale and serene. In the early years of his life Mr. CHRYSTIE was a practising lawyer in this city, but for the last forty years he lived at ease with his books and family and friends amid the rural delights of New Windsor town. No one who knew him failed to appreciate the peculiar charm of his refined courtesy and urbanity of manner. He leaves three children—one being Dr. THOMAS C. CHRYSTIE, of this city; his wife, who survives him, was the daughter of Captain CHARLES LUDLOW, of the United States navy. One of Mr. CHRYSTIE's bosom friends was the Hon. HAMILTON FISH; they were chums in college days, and comrades and confidants ever after.

—The Rev. Dr. HIRAM C. HAYDN has been installed as President of the Western Reserve University, which includes Adelbert College, where henceforth coeducation is to have no field. Fifteen young women now enrolled will be permitted to conclude their course, but no more girl students will be received. Adelbert's trustees say officially that they believe in "higher education" for woman, but they think their young men may get along better alone. A separate college for girls under Adelbert patronage is proposed.

—Mr. WILLIAM MAIN SMILLIE, Vice-President of the American Bank-note Company, whose sudden death occurred December 20th, was born in this city November 23, 1835. When a boy he entered the house of TOPPAN, CARPENTER, & Co., where he acquired a practical knowledge of engraving. He displayed an unusual aptitude for the business, and some years later, when the American Bank-note Company was organized, he became connected with the engraving and modelling department, of which he was soon placed in full charge. His singularly correct and refined artistic taste gradually raised the standard of the work until it reached its present state of perfection, and it is undoubtedly due to his persistent efforts that the quality of the engraving now produced is unequalled in any other country in the world. He was made a vice-president of the company in 1880. His artistic talent was undoubtedly inherited from his father, JAMES SMILLIE, N.A., the celebrated landscape and bank-note engraver, who died two years ago. His personal character was of singular purity and honesty. His family relations were of the most tender nature, and in his business he was greatly respected and loved. He took an individual interest in all his subordinates, and many of the leading engravers of the country can trace their success to his kindly advice and encouragement.

—The Shah of Persia has abandoned the trip mapped out for his tour through Europe this year. He will make the visit next year, though, for he wants to see the Paris Exposition, and he doesn't think it would do to waste time and money on two trips when one can be made to suffice. It is a rather cheering reflection to realize that even Shahs have to economize like the rest of us.

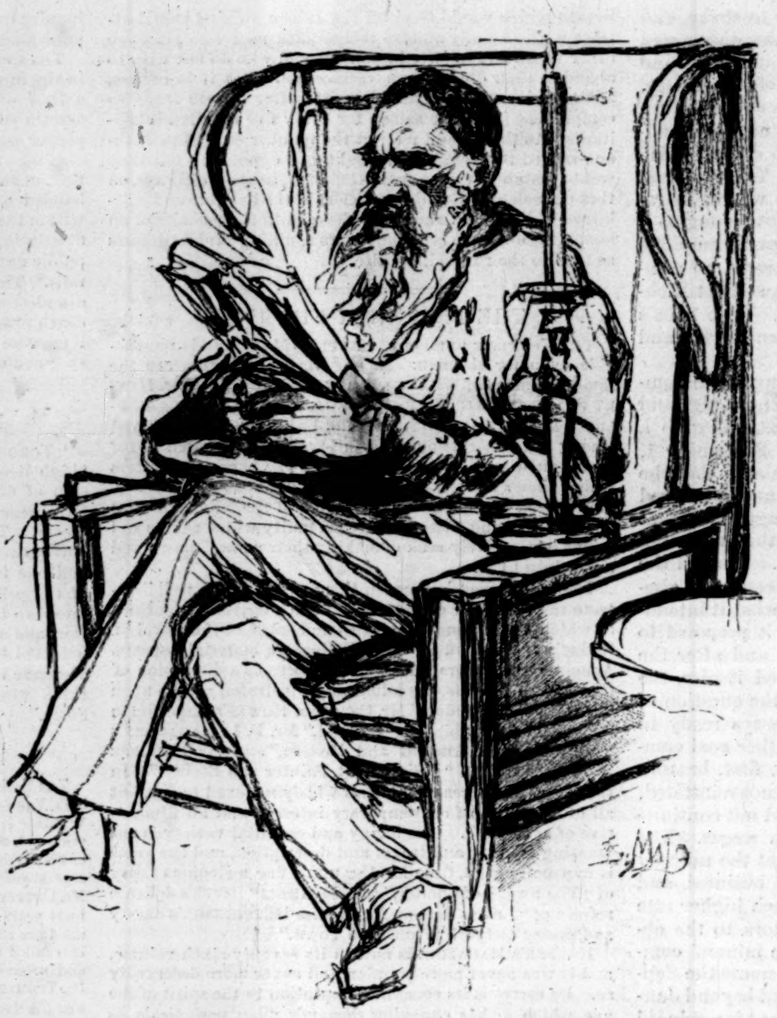
—In the library of F. C. BRIGHTLY, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, who died last week, were two volumes of old laws, printed in colonial days, for which the Pennsylvania Historical Society repeatedly offered him $1000 apiece. Mr. BRIGHTLY lived to be eighty years old. In earlier days he engaged actively in practice, but for some years past he gave up his time to literary work, and many of his books are accepted as authorities. His library was his special pride; hardly any other private collection of law books in this country could compare with it.

—Colonel MARSHALL McDONALD, recently appointed United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, was born at Romney, Virginia, in 1835. In 1854 he was a student of natural history under Professor BAIRD at the Smithsonian Institution, and graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1861. Colonel McDONALD served in the Confederate army, and was Chief Engineer of the Army of North Carolina. After the surrender, from 1865 to 1879, he filled the position of professor in the Virginia Military Institute. In 1875 he first become interested in fish-culture, and has since that time been one of the State Fish Commissioners of Virginia. Colonel McDONALD became regularly attached to the United States Commission in 1879, and for distinguished ability had placed under his charge by Professor BAIRD the entire work of the distribution of fish. The most important of all devices now in use for the hatching of fish was invented by the present Commissioner, and is known as the McDonald automatic hatching jars. This apparatus permits the hatching of millions of fish by simple and inexpensive means, and in a limited space, and this invention has given to fish-culture its greatest development. A series of scientific studies, having to do with water temperatures and the return of anadromous fish, is due to Colonel McDONALD. For inventive power, for a thorough understanding of the subject, Colonel McDONALD's reputation as a fish-culturist is well established. Under his direction there is every hope that the efficiency of the United States Fish Commission will be kept up to its former high level.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.

The supposed cult of Russian literature in this country narrows itself down to one man. **Tourguénief** is pessimistic, and is not read, though all profess to admire him—those who read him fail to understand him; **Gogol**, whose jubilee the Russians are not yet through celebrating, and who is regarded as the father of modern Russian fiction, is neglected and unknown; **Dostoïevsky** is considered too brutal or too psychological; **Korolenko** is waiting for Mr. **Kennan** to introduce him to the American public. In spite of all the translations of Russian works that have appeared during the last few years, the only ones that are read are those of Count L. N. **Tolstoï**. What is the reason? **Tourguénief** had just as strong a personality; **Gogol** was a greater artist; **Dostoïevsky** was just as religious; **Tchernuishevsky** and **Korolenko** are both martyrs, and both paint from the life. There is something that appeals immensely to the imagination in the career of a man like Count **Tolstoï**. His brusque departure from the University of Kazan when a boy of nineteen; his exciting life in the Caucasus, where his last struggle with his old enemy the gambling passion, as well as his campaigns against the Abreks, filled the early pages of his note-book; his bravery at Sevastopol, where he drew from life those unequalled pictures of the horrors of war; his eager, passionate years of literary glory in St. Petersburg and Moscow; his awakening to his responsibility as a master of men when the emancipation came; his efforts as a teacher; his discovery that he was the prophet of a new religion—a new old religion; his strange life of labor in idleness, of penury in luxury, of self-abnegation amid selfishness—to express one's self in contradictories:—all this has drawn upon him the attention of the world.

He is a noble, yet he associates with peasants, and finds their faith in things unseen the true stay against scepticism; he is a millionaire, yet he finds no use for money, and discards the luxuries that money brings. He is the greatest living novelist of his country, perhaps of the world, yet he devotes his genius to composing stories written avowedly on the model of peasant children's school compositions, and intended to be read by peasants, and considers shoemaking and ploughing no less worthy of his hands than the creation of such works as *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace*. It is impossible not to feel the magnetism of such strength, not to fall under the influence of such honesty of purpose, truth, benevolence, wisdom, depth. One need not follow Count **Tolstoï** in all his interpretations of Scripture, but it would be hard to disprove the assertion that he had got closer to Christ's idea of life than any man since Christ's time. And it is not strange to hear that men are found trying to model their lives on the lines laid down by the prophet.



COUNT LÉO N. TOLSTOÏ.—Original Sketch from Life by Répin.

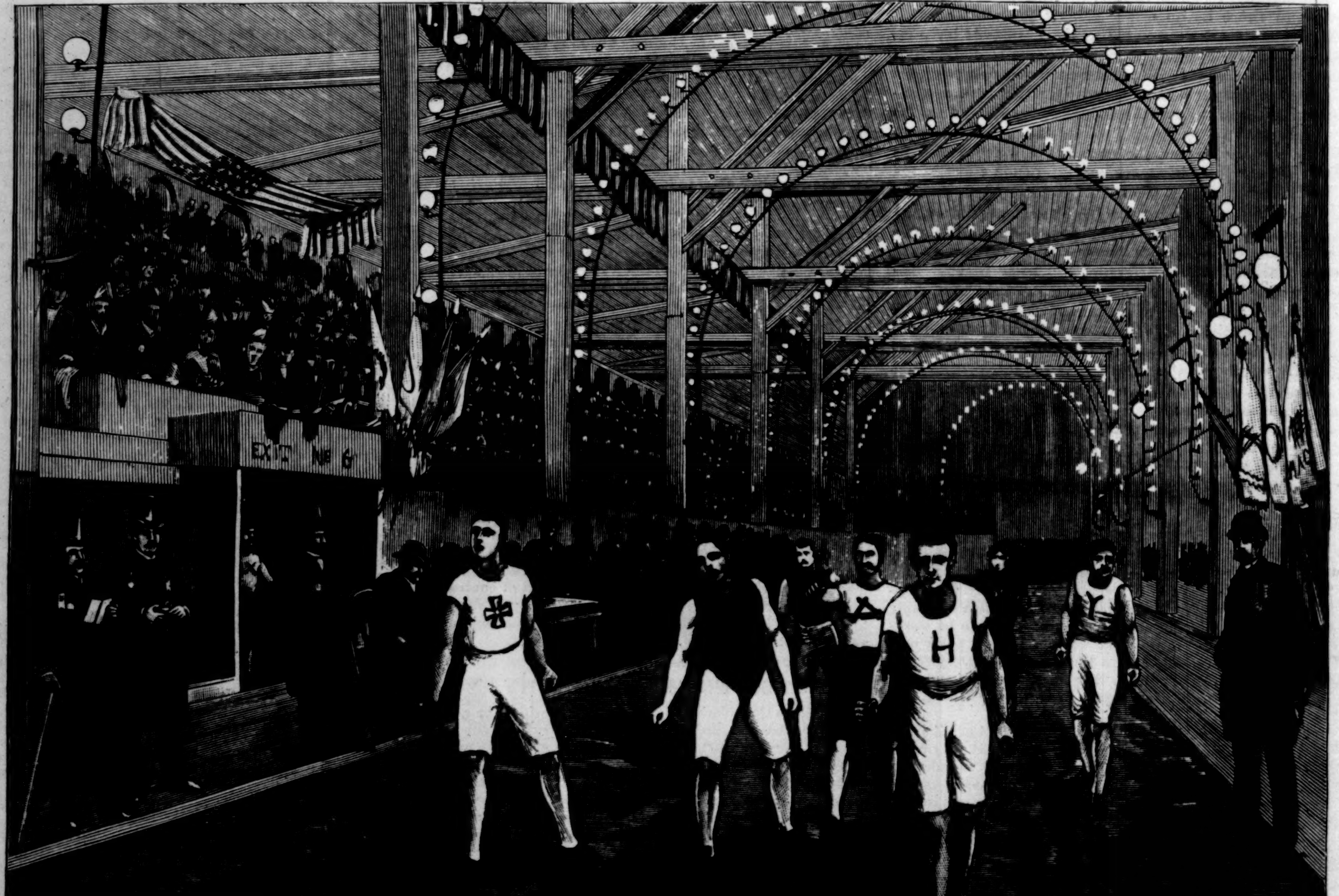
With these facts in view, it is interesting to be able to present a new picture of Count **Tolstoï**, rough and rugged, to be sure, but giving in its rude strength a most picturesque idea of the man. There have been numerous pictures of Count **Tolstoï** engraved in this country. One, taken from a photograph by **Shapiro** in St. Petersburg, represents him in the attire of a gentleman; the expression is stern and almost forbidding in spite of its interesting strength. **Kramsky**, in 1873, painted the Count in a blue blouse, and this picture has been engraved; another photograph, taken by **Vezenberg** & Co. in St. Petersburg, represents him in the peasant smock; this has also been engraved. Last August the great Russian painter **Répin** spent some time on Count **Tolstoï**'s estate at Yásnaya Polyána, near Tula, where he painted a portrait that has been highly praised by the few who have seen it, one writer in the illustrated magazine *Nov* asserting that it is worthy of a place in the Hermitage Museum, and that it would not suffer by comparison with portraits by **Rembrandt**, **Rubens**, and **Velasquez**. A writer in a Russian paper thus describes the work:

"The portrait painted by **Répin** is extraordinarily simple both in pose and coloring, but so admirable in its artistic treatment and faithfulness that it infallibly attracts every one who has any feeling for art and vivid life-likeness. Count **Tolstoï** is represented sitting in an arm-chair of very original pattern, holding in one hand a small book which he has just been reading, and with his finger marking the spot where he had left off; the other hand rests on the arm of the chair. He looks straight at the beholder, though his massive head, with its long gray beard, is turned slightly to one side. He is dressed in a black blouse, which is belted to his waist, though it somewhat resembles a cassock. The whole portrait gives the impression of a man who 'sows thoughts.' The eyes, deeply sunken in their sockets, have a far-away, unfathomable expression, but seem to read your heart and soul. You see before you an extraordinary man, who leaves upon you a marvellous impression. Uprightness, a golden heart, immense intellectual energy, an indomitable will, are all expressed in this countenance, in these eyes."

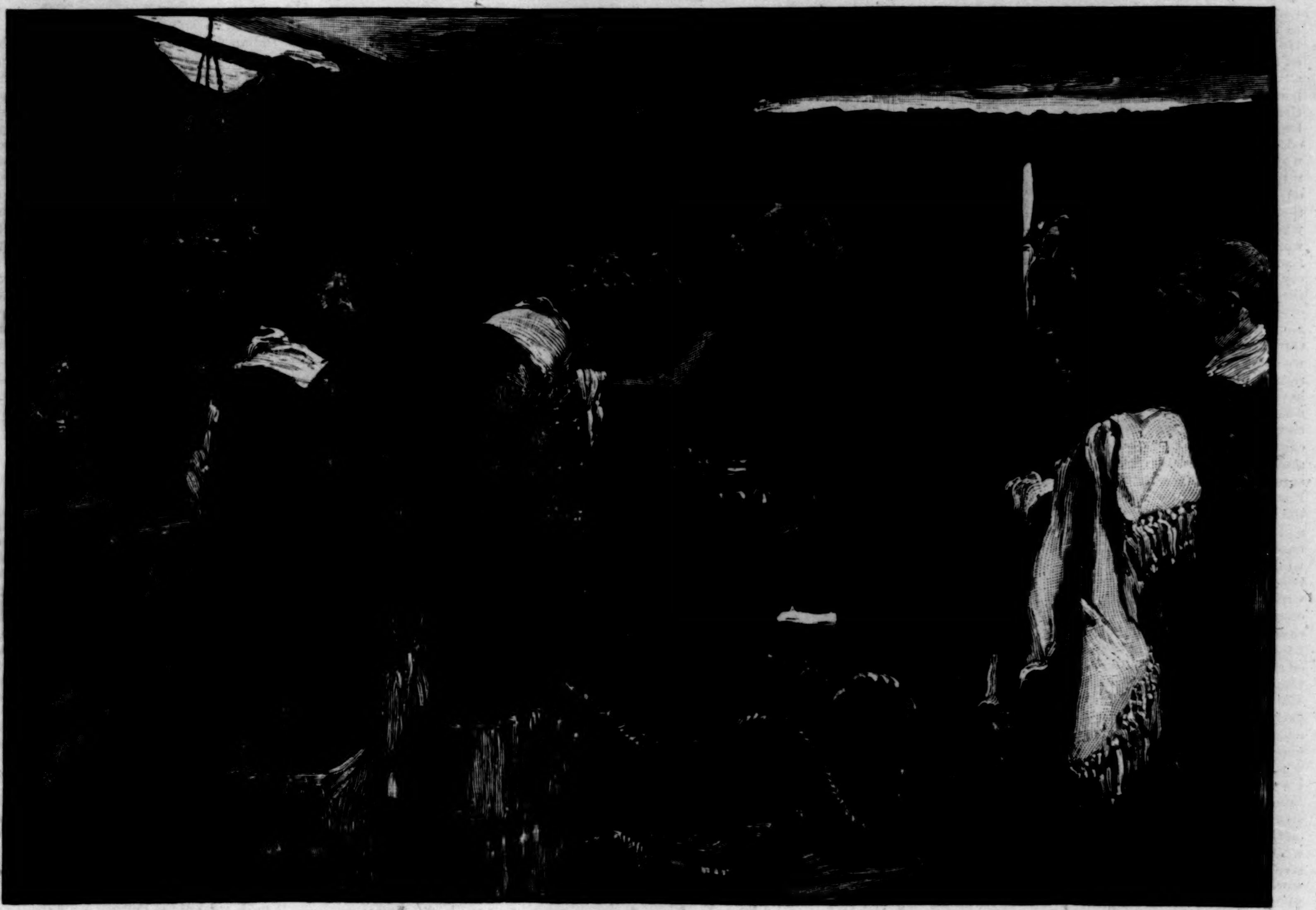
While **Répin** was at Yásnaya Polyána he made a hasty sketch of Count **Tolstoï** in the field ploughing. This sketch has been elaborated on canvas, and is also considered a masterpiece. It represents the Count holding the sokha or peasant's plough by the two handles, turning up a wide furrow, and driving two white horses. He is dressed in a peasant's blue smock, with the collar loosely unbuttoned; he wears a pair of high boots, and a white hat on his head; his full white beard is swept to one side by the wind. The whole figure is said to be instinct with energy and heroic.

The accompanying sketch was also made by **Répin** at Yásnaya Polyána, and after the description above given will be found more than interesting to those who are acquainted with Count L. N. **Tolstoï**'s character and life.

Nathan Haskell Dole.



START OF THE HANDICAP RACE AT THE GAMES OF THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 79.]



"ANOTHER TOOK A SPONGE AND PROCEEDED TO WASH MY FACE AND HANDS."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE NEW WORLD.

HAVING thus resolved at all hazards to try my fate, I rowed in toward the shore. Thus far I had seen galleys passing and small boats, but they had taken no notice of me, for the reason that they were too far away to perceive anything about me that differed from any other boat; but now, as I rowed, I noticed a galley coming down toward me. She seemed to be going in toward the shore at the very point at which I was aiming, and her course and mine must soon meet if I continued to row. After some hesitation I concluded to make signals to her, so as to attract attention; for, now that I had resolved to venture among the people here, I was anxious to end my suspense as soon as possible. So I continued rowing, and gradually drew nearer. The galley was propelled by oars, of which there were fifty on either side. The stern was raised, and covered in like a cabin. At length I ceased rowing, and sat watching her. I soon saw that I was noticed, but this did not occur till the galley was close by me—so close, indeed, that I thought they would pass without perceiving me. I raised my hands, waved them, and gave a cry. The galley at once stopped, a boat was lowered, and some men descended and rowed toward me.

They were men of strange appearance—very small in stature and slender in frame. Their hair was black and straight, their features were quite regular, and their general expression was one of great gentleness. I was surprised to notice that they kept their eyes almost closed, as though they were weak and troubled by the glare of the sun. With their half-closed eyes they blinked at me, and then one who appeared to be their chief spoke to me. I understood not a word, and then I answered him in English, which of course was equally unintelligible to him. I then made signs, pointing to the mountains and endeavoring to make known to him that I had come from beyond them—that I had suffered shipwreck, that I had drifted here, and that I needed assistance. Of all this it was quite evident that they understood nothing except the fact that I needed help. The moment that they comprehended this, they took me in tow and rowed back to the galley.

I found the galley to be about one hundred and fifty feet in length. For about two-thirds of this length forward it was open and filled with seats, where there were about a hundred rowers, who all looked like those that I had first seen, all being of small stature, slender frames, and moreover all being apparently distressed by the sunlight. There was in all of them the same mild and gentle expression. In complexion and general outline of features they were not unlike Arabs, but they were entirely destitute of that hardness and austerity which the latter have. They all had beards, which were dressed in a peculiar way in plaits. Their costume varied. The rowers wore a coarse tunic, with a girdle of rope. The officers wore tunics of fine cloth and very elegant mantles, richly embroidered, and with borders of down. They all wore broad-brimmed hats, and the one who seemed to be chief had on his some golden ornaments.

Here once more I tried to explain to them who I was. They looked at me, examining me all over, inspecting my gun, pistol, coat, trousers, boots, and hat, and talking all the time among themselves. They did not touch me, but merely showed the natural curiosity which is felt at the sight of a foreigner who has appeared unexpectedly. There was a scrupulous delicacy and a careful and even ceremonious politeness in their attitude toward me, which was at once amazing and delightful. All fear and anxiety had now left me; in the gentle manners and amiable faces of these people I saw enough to assure me of kind treatment; and in my deep joy and gratitude for this, even my hunger was for a time forgotten.

At length the chief motioned to me to follow him. He led the way to the cabin, where, opening the door, he entered, and I followed, after which the others came in also, and then the door was shut. At first I could see nothing whatever. There were no windows whatever, and only one or two slight crevices through which the light came. After a time my eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, and I could see that the cabin was a spacious apartment, adorned with rich hangings of some unknown material. There was a large table and seats. Taking me by the hand, the chief led me to this, where I seated myself, while the others remained standing. Then some of them went away, and soon returned with food and drink. The food was of different kinds—some tasting like goose, others like turkey, others like partridge. It was all the flesh of fowls, though, judging from the slices before me, they must have been of great size. I wondered much at the behavior of the officers of the ship, who all, and the chief himself more than all, stood and waited upon me; but it was a new world, and I supposed that this must be the fashion; so I made no objections, but accepted the situation and ate with a thankful heart.

As the first keenness of my appetite was satisfied I had more leisure to make observations. I noticed that the eyes of my new friends no longer blinked; they were wide open; and, so far as I could make them out, their faces were much improved. Weakness of eyes seemed common among these people, and therefore the officers had their cabin darkened, while the unfortunate rowers had to labor in the blazing sun. Such was my conclusion, and the fact reminded me of the miserable fellahin of Egypt, who all have ophthalmia from the blazing sun and burning sand.

After the repast they brought me water in a basin, and all stood around me. One held the basin, another a towel, another a flask, another took a sponge and proceeded to wash my face and hands. This was all strange to me, yet there was nothing left for me but submission. Then the chief, who had stood looking on with a smile on his face, took off his rich furred mantle and handed it to me. I was half inclined to refuse it, but was afraid of giving offence, so I accepted it, and he himself fastened it around my shoulders. The others seemed actually to envy the chief, as though he had gained some uncommon good-fortune. Then they offered me various drinks, of which I tasted several kinds. Some were sweet waters of different flavors, others tasted like mild wine, one was a fermented drink, light, sweet, and very agreeable to the palate. I now wished to show my generous entertainers that I was grateful; so I raised my cup, bowed to all of them, particularly the chief, and drank their health. They all watched this ceremony with very sober faces, and I could not quite make out whether they took my meaning or not. They certainly did not look pleased, and it seemed to me as though they felt hurt at any expression of gratitude, so I concluded for the future to abstain from all such demonstrations. Yet with every moment the manners of these people grew more bewildering. It was strange, indeed, for me to find myself so suddenly the centre of interest and of generous attentions. For a moment the thought occurred to me that they regarded me as some wonderful being with superior powers, and were trying to propitiate me by these services: yet I soon saw that these services were not at all acts of propitiation; they looked rather like those loving and profuse attentions which a family showers down upon some dear one long absent and at last returned, and with this my wonder grew greater than ever.

The galley had long since resumed her progress. I heard the steady beat of the oars as they all moved in time, and at length the motion ceased. The chief then signed to me and went out. I followed, and the rest came after. And now, as I emerged from the gloom of the cabin, I found myself once more in the glorious light of day, and saw that we had reached the land. The galley was hauled up alongside a stone quay, and on the shore there were buildings and walls and trees and people. The chief went ashore at once, and I accompanied him. We walked for some distance along a road with stone walls on either side, from behind which there arose trees that from a distance had looked like palms. I now found them to be giant ferns, arching overhead with their broad fan-like leaves and branches in dense masses, making the roadway quite dark in the shadow. Astonished as I was at the sight of these trees, I soon forgot them in a still more astonishing sight, for after going onward about a hundred paces, I stopped and found myself in a wide space where four cross-roads met. Here there were three birds of gigantic stature. They had vast bodies, short legs, short necks, and seemed as large as an ordinary-sized ox. Their wings were short, and evidently could not be used for flight; their beaks were like that of a sea-gull;

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

each one had a man on his back, and was harnessed to a car. The chief motioned to me to enter one of these cars. I did so. He followed, and thereupon the driver started the bird, which set forth with long, rapid strides, at a pace as fast as that of a trotting horse. So astonished was I that for some time I did not notice anything else; but at length, when my first feeling had subsided, I began to regard other objects. All the way the dense fern foliage arched overhead, throwing down deep shadows. They grew on either side in dense rows, but between their stalks I could see the country beyond, which lay all bright in the sunlight. Here were broad fields, all green with verdure; farther away arose clumps of tree-ferns; at every step of the way new vistas opened; amid the verdure and the foliage were the roofs of structures that looked like pavilions, and more massive edifices with pyramidal roofs. Our road constantly ascended, and at length we came to a crossing. This was a wide terrace at the slope of the mountain; on the lower side was a row of massive stone edifices with pyramidal roofs, while on the upper there were portals which seemed to open into excavated caverns. Here, too, on either side arose the giant ferns, overarching and darkening the terrace with their deep shadow. From this point I looked back, and through the trunks of the tree-ferns I could see fields and pavilions and the pyramidal roofs of massive edifices, and broad, verdant slopes, while in the distance there were peeps of the boundless sea. We continued on our way without stopping, and passed several successive terraces like the first, with the same caverns on the upper side and massive edifices on the lower, until at last the ascent ended at the fifth terrace, and here we turned to the left. Now the view became more varied. The tree-ferns arose on either side, arching overhead; on my right were the portals that opened into caverns, on my left solid and massive houses, built of great blocks of stone, with pyramidal roofs. As far as I could judge, I was in a city built on the slope of a mountain, with its streets formed thus of successive terraces and their connecting cross-ways, one half its habitations consisting of caverns, while the other half were pavilions and massive stone structures. Few people, however, were to be seen. Occasionally I saw one or two groping along with their eyes half shut, seeking the darkest shadows; and it seemed to me that this extraordinary race of men had some natural and universal peculiarity of eyesight which made them shun the sunlight, and seek the darkness of caves and of dense, overshadowing foliage.

At length we came to a place where the terrace ran back till it formed a semicircle against the mountain slope, when several vast portals appeared. Here there was a large space, where the tree-ferns grew in long lines crossing each other, and making a denser shade than usual. On the lower side were several stone edifices of immense size; and in the middle of the place there arose a singular structure, shaped like a half pyramid, with three sides sloping and the fourth perpendicular, flat on the top, which was approached by a flight of steps. We now went on until we reached the central portal of the range of caverns, and here we stopped. The chief got out and beckoned to me. I followed. He then led the way into the cavern, while I, full of wonder, walked behind him.

CHAPTER VII.

SCIENTIFIC THEORIES AND SCEPTICISM.

THUS far Melick had been reading the manuscript, but at this point he was interrupted by the announcement that dinner was ready. Upon this he stopped abruptly; for on board the *Falcon* dinner was the great event of the day, and in its presence even the manuscript had to be laid aside. Before long they were all seated around the dining-table in the sumptuous cabin, prepared to discuss the repast which had been served up by the genius of the French *chef* whom Lord Featherstone had brought with him.

Let us pause here for a moment to take a minuter survey of these four friends. In the first place there was Lord Featherstone himself, young, handsome, languid, good-natured to a fault, with plenty of muscle if he chose to exert it, and plenty of brain if he chose to make use of it—a man who had become weary of the monotony of high life, and, like many of his order, was fond of seeking relief from the *ennui* of prosperity amid the excitements of the sea. Next to him was Dr. Congreve, a middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair, short beard and mustache, short nose, gray eyes, with spectacles, and stoutish body. Next came Noel Oxenden, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, a college friend of Featherstone's—a tall man, with a refined and intellectual face and reserved manner. Finally, there was Otto Melick, a *littérateur* from London, about thirty years of age, with a wiry and muscular frame, and the restless manner of one who lives in a perpetual fidget.

For some time nothing was said; they partook of the repast in silence; but at length it became evident that they were thinking of the mysterious manuscript. Featherstone was the first to speak.

"A deuced queer sort of thing this, too," said he, "this manuscript. I can't quite make it out. Who ever dreamed of people living at the South Pole—and in a warm climate, too? Then it seems deuced odd, too, that we should pick up this copper cylinder with the manuscript. I hardly know what to think about it."

Melick smiled. "Why, it isn't much to see through," said he.

"See through what?" said the doctor, hastily, pricking up his ears at this, and peering keenly at Melick through his spectacles.

"Why, the manuscript, of course."

"Well," said the doctor, "what is it that you see? What do you make out of it?"

"Why, any one can see," said Melick, "that it's a transparent hoax, that's all. You don't mean to say, I hope, that you really regard it in any other light?"

"A transparent hoax!" repeated the doctor. "Will you please state why you regard it in that light?"

"Certainly," said Melick. "Some fellow wanted to get up a sensation novel and introduce it to the world with a great flourish of trumpets, and so he has taken this way of going about it. You see, he has counted on its being picked up, and perhaps published. After this he would come forward and own the authorship."

"And what good would that do?" asked the doctor, mildly. "He couldn't prove the authorship, and he couldn't get the copyright."

"Oh, of course not; but he would gain notoriety, and that would give him a great sale for his next effort."

The doctor smiled. "See here, Melick," said he, "you've a very vivid imagination, my dear fellow; but come, let us discuss this for a little while in a common-sense way. Now, how long should you suppose that this manuscript has been afloat?"

"Oh, a few months or so," said Melick.

"A few months!" said the doctor. "A few years, you mean. Why, man, there are successive layers of barnacles on that copper cylinder which show a submersion of at least three years, perhaps more."

"By Jove! yes," remarked Featherstone. "Your sensation novelist must have been a lunatic if he chose that way of publishing a book."

"Then, again," continued the doctor, "how did it get here?"

"Oh, easily enough," answered Melick. "The ocean currents brought it."

"The ocean currents!" repeated the doctor. "That's a very vague expression. What do you mean? Of course it has been brought here by the ocean currents."

"Why, if it were thrown off the coast of England it would be carried away, in the ordinary course of things, and might make the tour of the world."

"The ocean currents," said the doctor, "have undoubtedly brought this to us. Of that I shall have more to say presently; but just now, in reference to your notion of a sensation novelist, and an English origin, let me ask your opinion of the material on which it is written. Did you ever see anything like it before? Is it paper?"

"No," said Melick; "it is evidently some vegetable substance. No doubt the writer has had it prepared for this very purpose, so as to make it look natural."

"Do you know what it is?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"Then I'll tell you: it's papyrus."

"Papyrus?"

"Yes, actual papyrus. You can find but little of that in existence at the present day. It is only to be found here and there in museums. I know it perfectly well, however, and saw what it was at the first glance. Now, I hold that a sensation novelist would never have thought of papyrus. If he didn't wish to use paper, he could have found a dozen other things. I don't see how he could have found any one able to prepare such a substance as this for writing. It must have come from a country where it is actually in use. Now, mark you, the papyrus-plant may still be found growing wild on the banks of the upper Nile, and also in Sicily, and it is made use of for ropes and other things of that sort. But as to making writing material out of it, that is hardly possible, for the art is lost. The ancient process was very elaborate, and this manuscript is written on leaves which resemble in a marvellous manner those of the Egyptian papyrus books. There are two rolls at Marseilles which I have seen and examined, and they are identical with this. Now these papyrus leaves indicate much mechanical skill, and have a professional look. They seem like the work of an experienced manufacturer."

"I don't see," said Melick, obstinately, "why one shouldn't get papyrus now and have it made up into writing material."

"Oh, that's out of the question," said the doctor. "How could it ever enter into any one's head? How could your mere sensation-monger procure the raw material? That of itself would be a work of immense difficulty. How could he get it made up? That would be impossible. But, apart from this, just consider the strong internal evidence that there is as to the authenticity of the manuscript. Now, in the first place, there is the description of Desolation Island, which is perfectly accurate. But it is on his narrative beyond this that I lay chief stress. I can prove that the statements here are corroborated by those of Captain Ross in his account of that great voyage from which he returned not very long ago."

The doctor, who had been talking with much enthusiasm, paused here to take breath, and then went on:

"I happen to know all about that voyage, for I read a full report of it just before we started, and you can see for yourselves whether this manuscript is credible or not.

"Captain James Clarke Ross was sent forth on his expedition in 1839. On January 1, 1841, he passed the antarctic circle in 178° east longitude. On the 11th he discovered land in 70° 41′ south latitude, 172° 36′ east longitude. He found that the land was a continuous coast, trending southward, and rising to peaks of ten thousand feet in height, all covered with ice and snow. On the 12th he landed and took possession in the name of the Queen. After this he continued his course as far as 78° 4′ south latitude, tracing a coast-line of six hundred miles. Observe, now, how all this coincides with More's narrative. Well, I now come to the crowning statement. In 77° 32′ south latitude, 167° east longitude, he came in sight of two enormous volcanoes over twelve thousand feet in height. One of these was in an active state of eruption. To this he gave the name of Mount Erebus. The other was quiet; it was of somewhat less height, and he gave it the name of Mount Terror. Mark, now, how wonderfully all this resembles More's account. Well, just here his progress was arrested by a barrier which presented a perpendicular wall of over a hundred and fifty feet in height, along which he coasted for some distance. On the following year he penetrated six miles farther south, namely, 78° 11′ south latitude, 161° 27′ west longitude. At this point he was again stopped by the impassable cliffs, which arose here like an eternal barrier, while beyond them he saw a long line of lofty mountains covered with ice and snow."

"Did you hear the result of the American expedition?" asked Melick.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "Wilkes pretends to have found a continent, but his account of it makes it quite evident to my mind that he saw nothing but ice. I believe that Wilkes's antarctic continent will some day be penetrated by ships, which will sail for hundreds of miles farther south. All that is wanted is a favorable season. But mark the coincidence between Ross's report and More's manuscript. This must have been written at least three years ago, and the writer could not have known anything about Ross's discoveries. Above all, he could not have thought of those two volcanoes unless he had seen them."

"But these volcanoes mentioned by More are not the Erebus and Terror, are they?" said Lord Featherstone.

"Of course not; they are on the other side of the world."

"The whole story," said Melick, "may have been written by one of Ross's men and thrown overboard. If I'd been on that expedition I should probably have written it to beguile the time."

"Oh yes," said the doctor; "and you would also have manufactured the papyrus and the copper cylinder on board to beguile the time."

"I dare say the writer picked up that papyrus and the copper cylinder in China or Japan, and made use of it in this way."

"Where do you make out the position of More's volcanoes?" asked Featherstone.

"It is difficult to make it out accurately," said the doctor. "More gives no data. In fact he had none to give. He couldn't take any observations."

"The fact is," said Melick, "it's not a sailor's yarn at all. No sailor would ever express himself in that way. That's what struck me from the first. It has the ring of a confounded sensation-monger all through."

The doctor elevated his eyebrows, but took no notice of this.

"You see," he continued, addressing himself to the others, "Desolation Island is in 50° south latitude and 70° east longitude. As I make it out, More's course led him over about ten degrees of longitude in a southwest course. That course depended altogether upon the ocean currents. Now there is a great antarctic drift-current, which flows round the Cape of Good Hope and divides there, one-half flowing past the east coast of Africa and the other setting across the Indian Ocean. Then it unites with a current which flows round the south of Van Diemen's Land, which also divides, and the southernmost current is supposed to cross the Pacific until it strikes Cape Horn, around which it flows, dividing as before. Now my theory is, that south of Desolation Island—I don't know how far—there is a great current setting toward the South Pole, and running southwest through degrees of longitude 60°, 50°, 40°, 30°, 20°, 10°, east of Greenwich; and finally sweeping on, it would reach More's volcanoes at a point which I should judge to be about 80° south latitude and 10° west longitude. There it passes between the volcanoes and bursts through the vast mountain barrier by a subterranean way, which has been formed for it in past ages by some primeval convulsion of nature. After this it probably sweeps around the great South Polar ocean, and emerges at the opposite side, not far from the volcanoes Erebus and Terror."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PICTURESQUE AMERICAN RAILWAY.

IT is hard for the Eastern mind to take the narrow-gauge railway seriously. The unrivalled railway equipment of the East, which sends its passengers from New York to Chicago in a single day, without change of cars, has done much to fix the belief, already half formed by certain unpretentious little roads east of the Mississippi, that the narrow-gauge system is necessarily slow, unreliable, and trifling—a sort of juvenile imitation, in fact, of what a full-grown, serious-minded railway ought to be. The American fondness for something big has for many years worked to the disadvantage of the narrow-gauge idea in railroad building; but it has remained for the West, wherein this tendency toward bigness is most fully developed, to build a narrow-gauge line that in point of size and business ability will compare favorably with the best of the wide-track roads of the country.

It was somewhere south of Colorado Springs that I first saw a train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe's through express, the "Cannon-ball" train of the West, which had come all the way across the Kansas plains, had side-tracked at the foot of a curve to let something pass. I stood on the rear steps of the Pullman car, watching a cloud float across the dull gray dome of Pike's Peak. "She's coming," said the conductor, as he half mechanically looked at his watch, "and on time to a dot."

"What's coming?" I asked.

"The Denver and Rio Grande's Pacific Express."

I swung out from the lower step and looked up the track. Over beyond a sand-hill I caught a glimpse of a wisp of steam and a puff of smoke. A moment later a locomotive, all fresh and bright and glistening, its driving-wheels whirling like so many indistinct blurs, and its pitman-rods flashing up and down like rays of sunlight, shot out from behind the hill, at the head of a long train of cars, and came roaring down the curve. The compact, well-proportioned locomotive and the gently swaying cars, each window and panel gilded with the fervent Colorado sun, made one forget for a moment that the track was narrow, or that the rolling-stock was of less than usual size. When it had gone rushing past at the rate of fifty miles an hour, I suggested to the conductor that it seemed strange that the huge bulk of the Santa Fe's "Cannon-ball" should wait meekly on the side track while the lordly little Pacific Express went its way.

"Yes," said the conductor, in an aggrieved tone of voice; "she goes right through, an' never stops for nothing."

In more presentable English this sentiment would represent in a fair measure the spirit that built the road in 1871 and the policy that operates it now. The builders of the system had only $10,000 in money with which to give their project life, but they had plenty of pluck, determination, and hope. The original design was to build a main line from Denver to the city of Mexico, with branches to all the important mining districts along the way. With their $10,000 the founders began work on July 28, 1871. Three miles of track were laid by August 16th, and the first narrow-gauge train run over it. During the closing days of October the line was opened as far as Colorado Springs. From that time on there was plenty of money to work with, for investors saw that the venture was a success. By the middle of the following June the road got as far as Pueblo, and there its original purpose was checked and turned aside. Instead of going south to the city of Mexico, it went west to the mining camps in the mountains, where it has done a giant's share in working out the destinies of the State. Since the first spike was driven in 1871 there has been no cessation of building. Even now, when the main line and branches, with about 1400 miles of track, touch nearly every point of commercial value in Colorado, extensions are being made to new fields of mining activity. It is likely that so long as there is a new mine to be developed or a valley opened for settlement the road-builders will continue their work. In time they may make the system a part of a new through broad-gauge line from the Pacific to the Atlantic. All that is needed is the laying of the third rail, which has already been found necessary on the eastern part of the main line. As it now is, the passenger can take a through train from Denver to Ogden, Utah, by way of the Denver and Rio Grande's main line and the Denver and Rio Grande Western, which continues on through Utah from the western boundary of Colorado.

It is not as a commercial line, however, that the Denver and Rio Grande is best known in this country. In carrying the venturesome road westward through the mountains, the engineers, by no design of their own, laid out a route that has since become known as the "scenic line of the world." The surveys were made on a purely economical basis, yet they passed through some of the grandest scenery on the North American continent. It would naturally be supposed that a road with such a profusion of scenery along every mile of its track—towering mountains, lofty passes, or narrow gorges—would have secured, almost at its completion, a large passenger travel; but as a matter of fact it was not until a few years since, when a change of management of the passenger department made practical use of the scenery, that the road had anything except local traffic. So great are the natural attractions of the line, and so skilfully have they been laid before the public, that under the present direction of affairs the tourist travel has become, in summer at least, many times larger than the local business. What with the literary excellence and the wide distribution of the company's advertising matter, the Colorado scenic route has become so well known that not even the foreign observer can have any excuse for omitting the Rocky Mountains from his book on America.

To one who has made the tour of the Denver and Rio Grande system it is wellnigh impossible to say which point of interest is best worth seeing. The Marshall Pass is high and hard to climb, and the views from its summit are wide and varied; yet one might not venture to assert that in the matter of general attraction it is superior to the rugged depths of the Royal Gorge or the sombre windings of the Black Cañon. The road over La Veta Pass, with its wonderful muleshoe curve and its twistings and turnings, is a sufficiently curious sight to repay a journey over the range; but few will contend that the chasm of the Toltec Gorge or the landscape wonder of the ride up Animas Cañon to Silverton is not worth fully as much.

The Marshall Pass is perhaps better known than any other point by reason of its great height, its magnificent scenery, and the difficulty with which it is climbed, to say nothing of the fact that it is on the through line of the road between Denver and Ogden, and that it is practically the backbone of the continent. Its 10,820 feet of height, seemingly impassable to anything other than the pack-mule, was hardly an obstacle to construction engineers who laugh at grades and speak lightly of elevations. When these men were told to go over into the Gunnison country, they went. There was only one thing to do when they reached the continental divide at the Marshall Pass, and that was to go over it. With them it was not a great engineering problem, as it would have been with a broad-gauge road, but merely a practical question of how many twists and turns they would have to make, at a maximum grade of 220 feet to the mile, to reach the summit from each side.

Old-time mining operators yet marvel much at the rapid advance of a civilization that enables them to sit at ease in a Pullman car and ride over the Marshall and La Veta passes, and through the Royal and Toltec gorges, or over the rough country to Leadville or Silverton, when only a few years ago they made the same journeys with a pack train, or a slow-moving freighting wagon. The ride from Denver to the San Juan mining regions, which only a short time ago required a month of perilous travel, is now made in a day, and the trip to Leadville, once beset with the most annoying of difficulties, is in this new era of Colorado's wonderful progress a matter of only a few hours. The Gunnison country, for a long time the mysterious, Indian-haunted region of the State, has of late years been transformed into one of the best known stretches of territory along the through line to Utah.

The summer wayfarer, who seeks the mountains for his health, or for the fish and game with which a bountiful nature has been so lavish, is prone to regard the road as a picturesque adjunct to America's grandest scenery, or perhaps as a convenience for fishermen and hunters. This impression is unwittingly given a semblance of probability by the practice, on all except the main lines, of stopping trains at any telegraph pole to let passengers on or off. Tourist fishermen and settlers who live at a distance from stations know what a great convenience this is. Yet even the vacation traveller, be he ever so unobservant, cannot fail to note how thoroughly in earnest, and how business-like and dignified, is this little giant of the West. I know of no road in the country that has a better system of management, or that conducts its affairs with greater regularity and precision.

William Willard Howard.

A STATE DINNER.

The greatest distinction that can be won socially in Washington is to be invited to one of the state dinners given at the White House by the President. The number of these dinners varies with each season, and they are different in degree; so that one may be invited to one that does not confer the distinction that goes with another. The first formal dinner of the season is given to the cabinet. As there are only seven cabinet officers, and only six members of the present cabinet appear in polite society, it is necessary, in order to make up the complement of thirty-six people, to go outside of the cabinet families. The men are selected according to a rule of etiquette. The Vice-President, if there be one, or the presiding officer of the Senate, is asked, the Speaker of the House, the General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, and then such people as for good reasons of friendship or policy the President may prefer to invite. The wife of the President, in making up the complement of ladies, may add a few of her personal friends; but the invitations to the men are usually sufficent to bring as many ladies—wives of those entitled to be invited to the cabinet dinner—as can be provided with places.

The second of the state dinners, which is always given to the diplomatic corps, is the largest as well as the most brilliant of all the White House dinners. The ministers of twenty-seven foreign governments are entitled to be invited to it. If all were here to accept at one time, and every minister could accept for his wife as well as himself, the *chef* of the President would have great difficulty in extending the table to accommodate the guests; for the party includes not only the diplomatic representatives, but the Secretary of State, and as there are always unmarried ministers here, or ministers whose wives are abroad, several ladies from the families of the President's friends, guests at the White House, or visitors in Washington.

Third in order of the dinners given as "state" affairs is that to the judiciary, including not only the justices of the Supreme Court, but the judges of the Court of Claims and the bench of the District of Columbia. The wives of the judges are bidden, and the chairmen of the Committees of the Judiciary of the Senate and the House.

For all of these dinners the preparations are about the same. A fortnight before the day for one of them the assistant secretary of the President sends out the invitations. The invitation is upon a card, and in the case of the diplomatic dinner it might read: "The President and Mrs. Cleveland request the pleasure of the company of the British Minister and Miss West at dinner on Thursday evening, January 19th, at eight o'clock." This card would be enclosed in a large square envelop bearing upon its back a representation in gold of the eagle that is used in the seal of the President. The replies to the invitations come, as a rule, to the private secretary. Absence abroad or illness is the only excuse that can be properly offered for a failure to accept the invitation.

When the night of the dinner arrives, and the guests reach the White House, they find that the largest and choicest of the tropical plants in the propagating gardens and the botanical gardens have been selected to transform the East Room into a bower. Under the waving palms the President and Mrs. Cleveland receive the guests, brilliant in uniforms loaded with gold-lace and crossed with the silken sashes in different colors that represent orders of distinction. Not a few of the diplomatic representatives wear jewelled decorations in great number upon their breasts. As they go in procession along the inner corridor, the Marine Band, in scarlet uniforms, plays in the outer vestibule, and continues to furnish music during the evening that is not too loud to interfere with table-talk. There is no hap-hazard selection of partners for the dinner. Each guest, upon his arrival, gets an envelop, in which he finds the name of the lady he is to take in, if he is fortunate enough to be permitted to take in a lady. If there are not enough ladies to "go around," he gets a card indicating his place at the table, together with a diagram to make it easy for him to go directly to his place without inquiry.

The state dining-room is one of the largest apartments in the White House, and one of the plainest. The long table, set with extended arms at each end for the diplomatic dinner, is elaborately decorated, the government gardens furnishing an abundance of cut flowers for the purpose. The *chef* sees to the details of decoration, and makes it his business to see that the *pièces de résistance* in tallow are appropriate to the occasion. Sometimes his efforts are calculated to provoke a smile, but they are always ingenious.

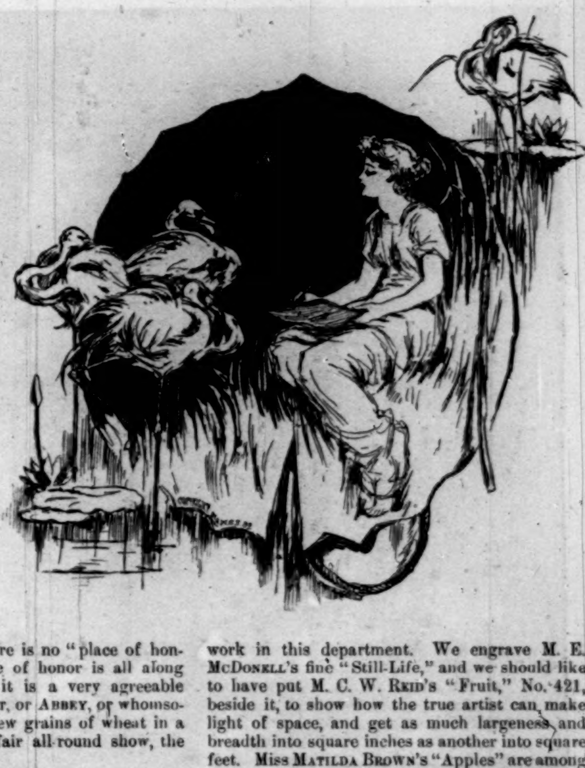
The diplomatic representatives are extremely particular about precedence, and the rule of precedence is regarded in seating them. Instead of counting the places of honor from the President, the plan has been adopted for several years of considering that there were four centres of honor—at the places of the President and the lady of the White House, and at the opposite ends of the table. The dean of the corps is placed first, the Secretary of State always occupying a seat at the left of the President or his wife. Then the other members of the corps are seated, in the order of their recognition by this government, and the ladies are given the alternate seats until the supply of ladies has been exhausted.

There is usually a dinner of ten to fifteen courses, with an abundance of wines, served by the most skilful waiters to be procured. There is plenty of conversation, although it sometimes happens that a lady will occupy a seat between two gentlemen with whom she cannot maintain any conversation whatever, she knowing none of the foreign languages, and the diplomates being without any English. The lady who sat next to the Chinese Minister would learn little about the dinner customs of China or the small-talk of the imperial court, for Mr. Chang's English is still primary.

The dinner lasts from two to three hours. When it is ended, and the signal is given by the wife of the President to rise, the guests return to the East Room, where they linger for a brief time, and then make their adieux to the President and his wife and withdraw.

The invitations and place-cards are regarded by those whose good fortune it is to be at least for once a guest at a White House dinner of state as valuable souvenirs, and are preserved with care, and handed down with glowing accounts of the floral decorations, the gorgeous uniforms, the superb dresses of the ladies, the delightful music, that go to increase the enjoyment of the President's state dinner.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.



To say that the present exhibition of the Water-color Society is a pleasing one is to describe it fairly enough. Out of the six hundred and seventy-four drawings that it contains, by far the greater part can be looked at with pleasure, some of them, of course, with pleasure not made to last; but many of them with cleverness enough, or grace of treatment, or poetic sympathy with nature, to make us enjoy the visit and wish to come again.

There is perhaps no one picture that will attract all eyes, and become the star of the exhibition; but it is a happy compensation that the general excellence of the collection is so marked as to make us forget that there is no "place of honor" this year: the place of honor is all along the line. And though it is a very agreeable thing to see a fine Millet, or Abbey, or whomsoever, yet as between a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, and a fair all-round show, the latter is to be preferred.

At either end of the South Room are large drawings by Henry Farrer and Hamilton Hamilton. While Mr. Farrer's work in this exhibition has all his well-known characteristics of execution, he has for the moment changed his field of study; and though he still persists in haunting the twilight, and loving nature seen through a veil, his subjects are this year less recluse—and shall we say less malarious?—than usual, so that, by contrast, we may almost call them cheerful. This No. 277 at the east end of the South Room is a drawing that would do any artist honor, and explains Mr. Farrer's popularity, well earned by earnest, affectionate study of nature, and by always giving the public of his best.

The "Landscape," No. 375, of Mr. Hamilton Hamilton is the chief landscape in the exhibition, a noble work, and sure, we should imagine, of public recognition. It is a piece of rocky woodland, with one great bowlder standing among the trees that gather at the right, while an opening at the left leads the eye to the horizon, where a yellowing sunset gleams under a veil of gray. A flight of crows winging toward us makes a very effective feature in the picture. Mr. W. T. Whittemore has eight drawings here, one of which we engrave, and they are among the most interesting of the contributions. Mr. Ranger's work comprises a number of the picturesque bits of street architecture in old towns that he translates so well in his rich but sober style; the drawing we engrave is a piece of pure landscape, with a mass of soft cloud nearly filling the sky, and reflected in the rushy foreground pool. Several of the Dutch water-colorists contribute to the exhibition, and it is worth noticing that whereas a very few years ago they would have been in such marked contrast to the prevailing method of our artists as to seem out of place and strange, the school to which they belong has had such an influence on our younger men that, except for their excellence, they might pass to-day unnoticed. The drawings here by Messrs. Poggenbeek, Mansk, and Bastert are sure to be studied by the public no less than by the artists; but they will not, as once they might have done, draw us away from our own cruder work by their cleverness, their sentiment, and their richness of tone. Too many of our own men have borrowed their secret, which Nature, being a woman, has not known how to keep.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is another of our countrymen who makes yearly progress. His Mexican sketches this year are full of spirit and variety. He tells a story with his brush with as much dash and vividness as he does with his mouth. Mr. Symington too has been travelling, and comes back with a budget of news from Holland and Norway that is none the worse for being old. His "Cackle"—rather a hard title for these Dutch peasant women spinning street yarns in their bleak sea-side village—is a good drawing, one of the best of this artist's many contributions. Mr. W. H. Drake comes to the front this year with a number of drawings in which there is perhaps a little too much technical cleverness, dangerously near to mannerism, but he has such an agreeable feeling for color and so much force that we can trust him to hold his place. Mr. McCord, Mr. Platt, and Mr. Carlton Wiggins send drawings that will add distinctly to their reputation; Mr. Wiggins, especially leaving his beaten ground of the cattle pasture, sends some of the most impressive landscapes in the exhibition.

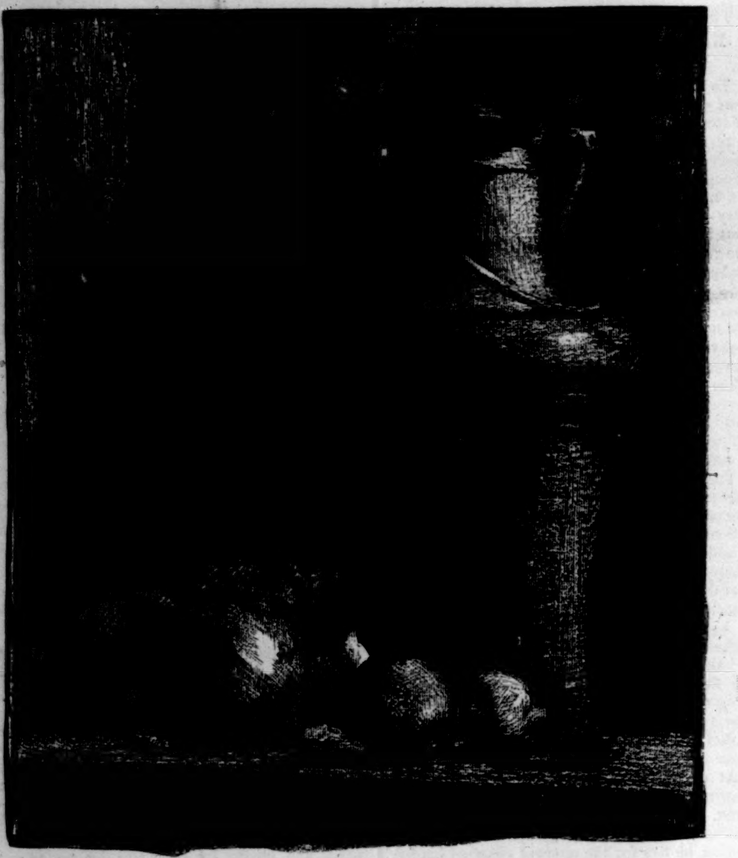
Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who has not of late been so frequent an exhibitor as could have been desired, appears this year in an interesting decorative drawing, "Feeding the Flamingoes," which we would have engraved could it have been done justice to in black and white. Instead, we take a scene from the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, which shows how this artist can pluck picturesqueness out of the commonplace. Mr. Robert Blum has been doing the same thing in Venice, but with less field for novelty; but we are glad to get news of this clever artist. Flowers and still-life do not play so conspicuous a part as usual this year, but there is excellent work in this department. We engrave M. E. McDonell's fine "Still-Life," and we should like to have put M. C. W. Reid's "Fruit," No. 421, beside it, to show how the true artist can make light of space, and get as much largeness and breadth into square inches as another into square feet. Miss Matilda Brown's "Apples" are among the successful fruit pieces, and Miss Greatorex has a flower subject that will add new admirers to her old ones. There are many small flower pieces that deserve particular notice; they show grace and feeling for color and delicacy of handling that would win praise anywhere. Too many of these are hung higher than they should be; Miss Edgar's "Chrysanthemums," No. 523, in the corridor, and Matilda Brown's "Roses," with Mrs. Kellogg's "Just Picked," Nos. 364 and 365, in the south gallery.

The figure pieces in the exhibition are the least conspicuous, or, let us say, the least important, of the display. Mr. Freer's "Sadie" is done a little more than justice to by our cut; it is muddy in the shadows. His "If I were loved" is a strong work, but the flesh is somewhat wooden in its texture and coloring. Mr. Dielman's "In October" is the best figure here, refined in sentiment, a charming model, and most harmonious in coloring. Mr. Irving R. Wiles too has done well this year; his "Alone" is a drawing that makes us gladly forget some of his late attempts at reporting fashionable life. Mr. Kever—another of our Dutch friends—has a delightful home scene, "The Little Mother," and while the contrast between his work and that of Mr. E. L. Henry may provoke a smile, there is an essential truthfulness in our countryman's work that always insures him an audience. Mr. Remington's "Arrest of an Indian Murderer," of which we give the central figure, is a spirited bit, and Mr. Mowry's "Dogs" are all alive. Altogether, the exhibition is a most creditable display, and we predict for it a wide popularity.

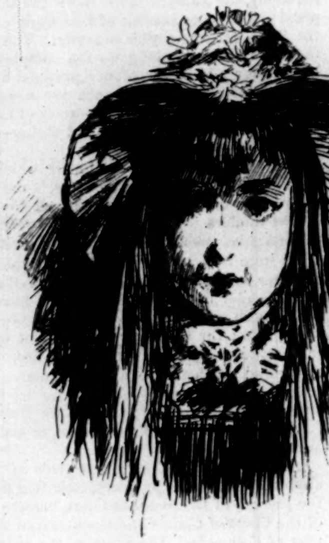
FAST HANDICAP RUNNERS.

One of the most stirring sights in the whole range of athletic games is a handicap race in which fleet-footed representatives of college and other athletic clubs take part. From the placing of the competitors on the starting lines to the finish the scene is one of absorbing interest. The contestants, from the man placed on the front line by the handicapper to the champion at the scratch, all stand ready to dash away instantaneously when the crack of the pistol reaches their eager ears. At the signal away they go at top speed, the highest authentic limit to which yet attained by man is ten yards in a second, or one hundred yards in ten seconds. The marvellous rapidity with which the scratch man overtakes and passes his competitors one by one, the superhuman efforts made by the forward men to retain the advantage of their starts, the deafening shouts, mingled with familiar college cries, which come from groups of partisans of rival racers, and the intense interest with which the mass of spectators watch the leaders as they cross the winning line, make an impression that lingers long in the memory.

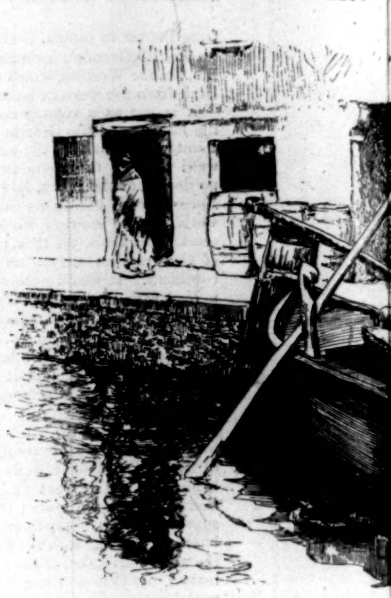
Several of these exciting races were seen in Madison Square Garden on Saturday evening, at the winter meeting held under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Never before has a greater number of fast runners met in the famous arena of athletic sports. The old building shook with the applause that greeted the running of S. Derrickson, Jun., who won the intercollegiate championship in 1885; C. H. Sherrill, of Yale; F. Westing, M. A. C.; A. F. Copeland, M. A. C.; S. J. King, Princeton College; J. B. White and W. C. Adams, M. A. C.; and W. C. White, N. Y. A. C.—all of whom have run 100 yards inside of 10⅖ seconds. The 660-yard handicap was enlivened by the appearance of H. L. Mitchell, ex-intercollegiate 880-yards champion; H. M. Banks, M. A. C., 440-yards champion of the United States and Canada; P. D. Skillman, ex-five-mile champion; G. Y. Gilbert, N. Y. A. C., Seventh Regiment champion; W. Harmar, Yale, intercollegiate champion; J. S. Appleby, M. A. C., 100 and 220 yards champion of Canada; T. B. Hamilton, Princeton, 880-yards champion; A. Peverelly and F. A. Ware, M. A. C.



"STILL LIFE."—By M. E. McDonel.



"SADIE."—By F. W. Freer.



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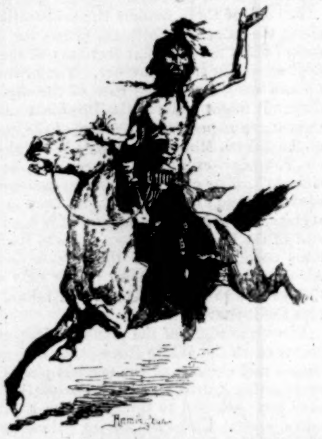
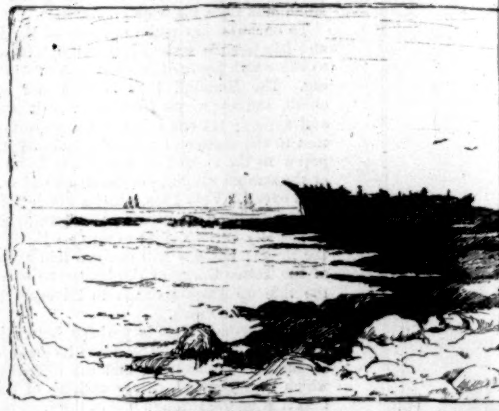
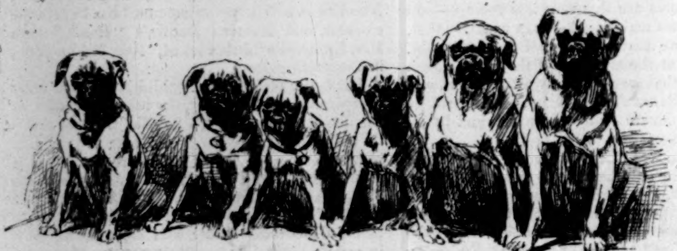


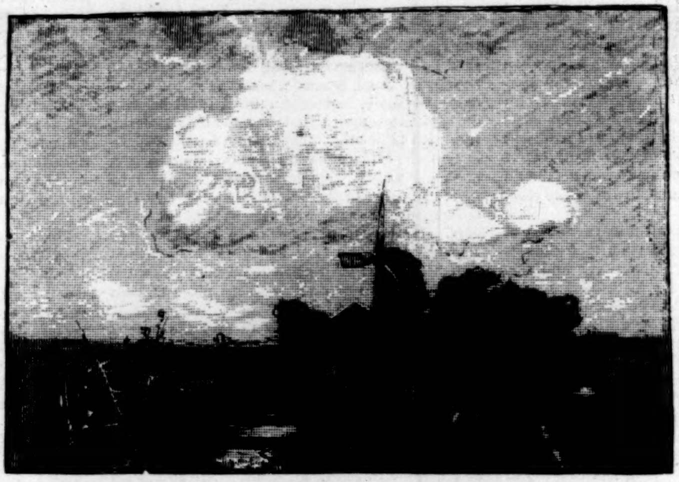
Figure from "ARREST OF A BLACKFOOT MURDERER."
By Frederic Remington.



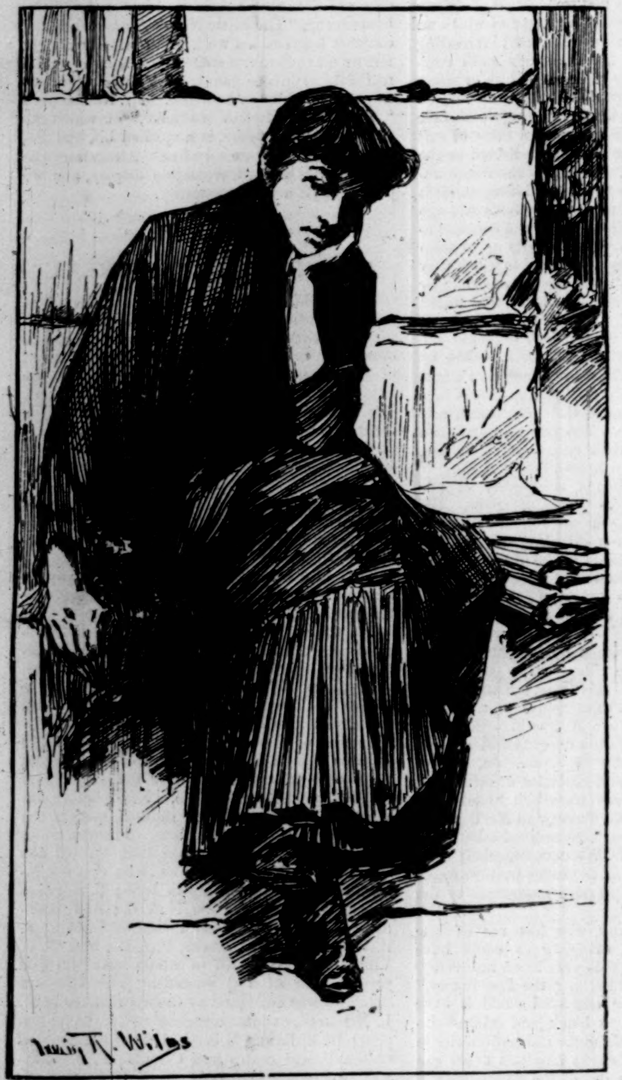
"ON EASTERN POINT."—By W. J. Whittem



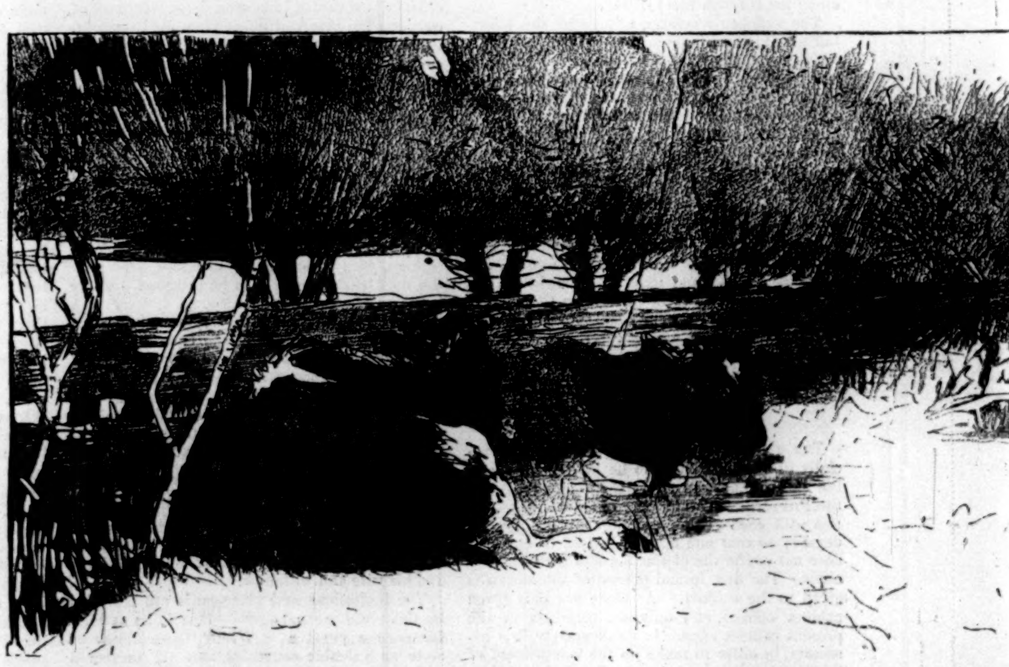
"ALL, THERE."—By K. Mowry.



"AFTER THE SHOWER."—By H. W. Ranger.

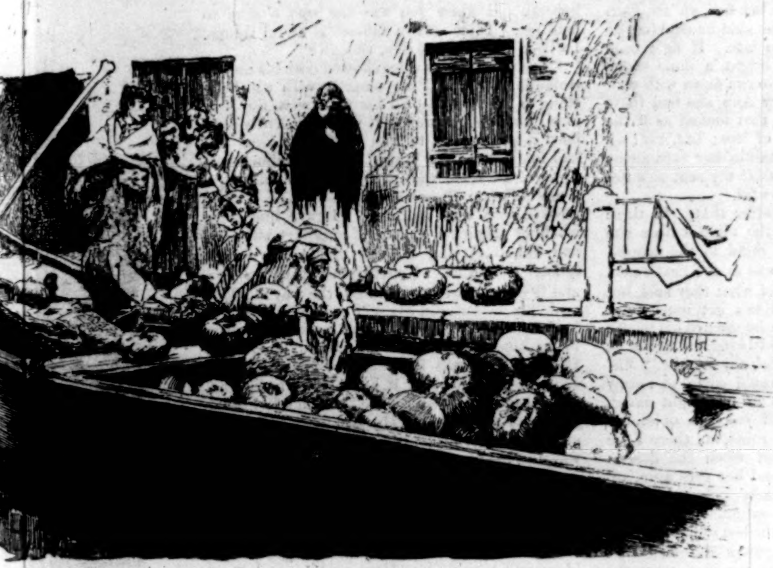


"ALONE."—By Irving R. Wiles.

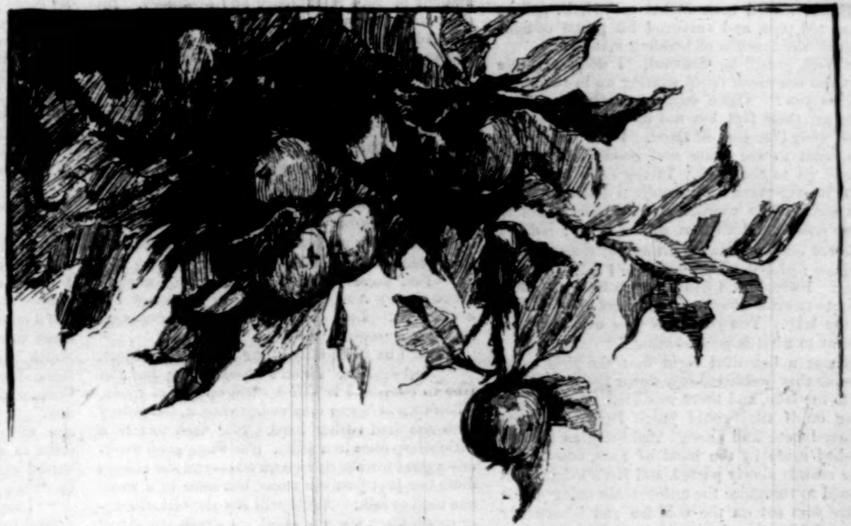


"IN THE MEADOWS."—By George Poggenbeek.

SKETCHES FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-CO

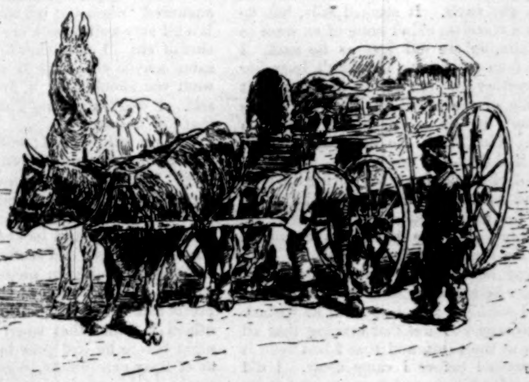


"A VENETIAN PUMPKIN VENDER"—By Robert Blum.

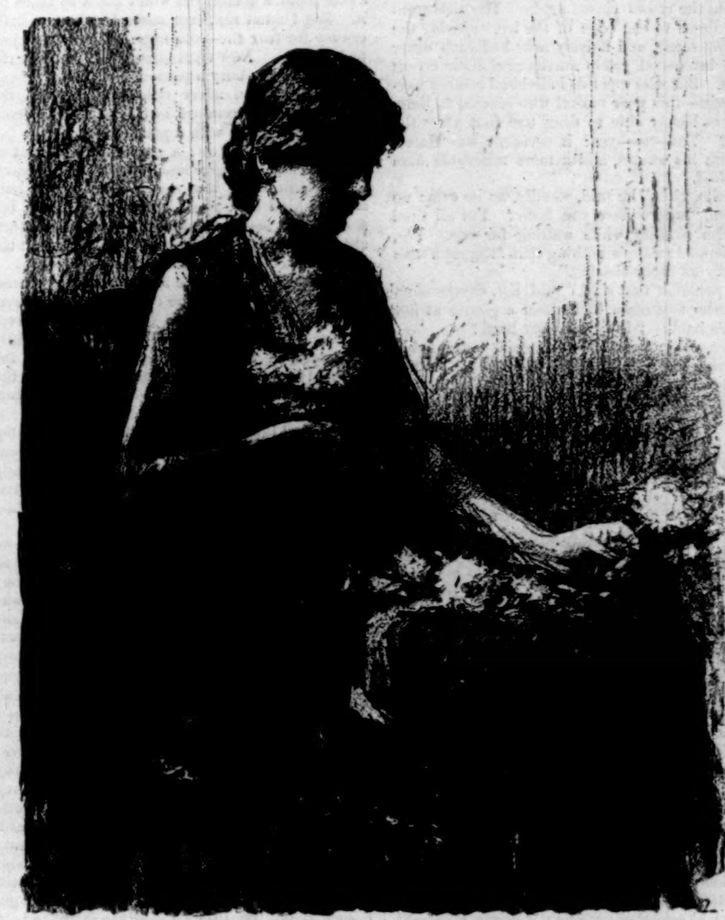


"APPLES."—By Matilda Brown.

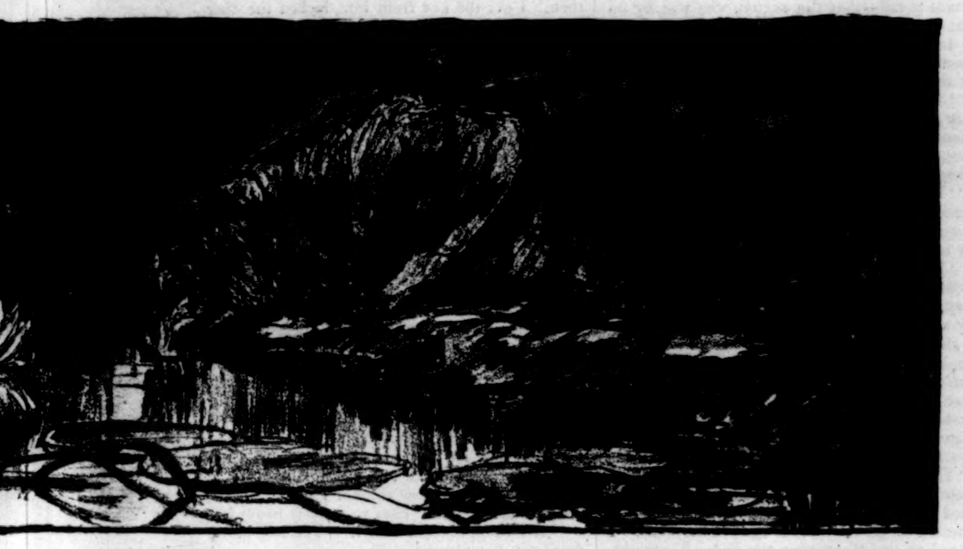
TEMORE



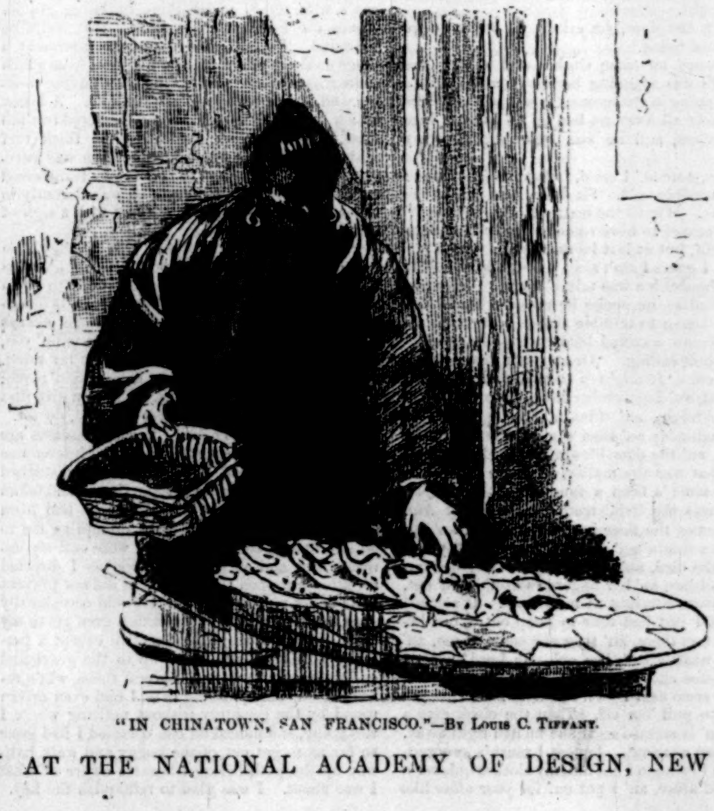
"DOWN SOUTH."—By E. L. Henry



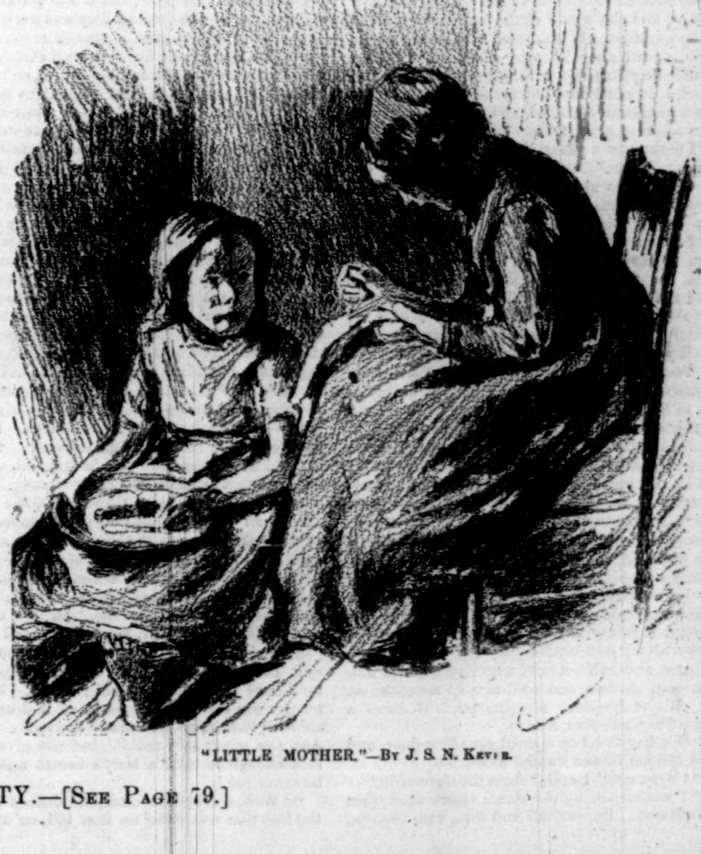
"IN OCTOBER."—By F. Dielman.



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."—By F. S. Church.



"IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO."—By Louis C. Tiffany.



"LITTLE MOTHER."—By J. S. N. Kever.

COLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 79.]

AN EXPERT IN THE ART OF SKATING.

HARRY leaned back in his easy-chair, puffing at an old pipe, and surveyed his pretty cousins with all the egotism of budding manhood.

"Well, girls," he drawled, "I don't suppose that you see much fancy skating up in the country, do you? Those country chaps can about keep on their feet, but not much more, judging from what I've seen of them. I tell you that if you want to see some real good skaters, you should go to the Park. In the country it's all right having romantic moonlight parties, where you skate off in couples, and the fellow has to quote poetry, and all that sort of thing; but it's different here. I don't want any of that country business: give me a place where I can *do* something. I say, Nan, I will come up from the office early to-morrow afternoon, and meet you and Kit on the lake. You can form your own opinions then as to what is good skating."

It was a beautiful sight that the girls came upon as they walked slowly down the path leading to the lake, and there was some good skating going on, if they could judge from the knots gathered here and there. Suddenly, as though brushed aside by the hand of Fate, one of the little crowds slowly parted, and Kit's bright eyes seemed to recognize the unfortunate being in the centre who sat on the cold ice and laboriously divested himself of his skates. It was only a single glance which Fate vouchsafed, for in a moment the crowd closed again. The girls wandered down to the edge of the ice, enjoying the brilliant scene, and naively asked of each other which interested group surrounded their errant cousin. But who was this individual coming toward them—this poor mortal who seemed to limp, and was barely able to drag one foot after the other? Yes—no—yes: it certainly was Harry, carrying his skates, and a most miserable man he looked.

"Hello, girls," he said, wearily, as he came up to them, "where *have* you been? I'm all tired out with skating while waiting for you. Yes, I've stopped; there's nothing that fatigues a man so easily as fancy skating."

"I presume that's so," said Kit, compassionately, who meantime had stolen a glance at her cousin's back. "Is the ice very hard?"

"Yes, *very*;" and Harry sighed, but quickly correcting himself, he added, indifferently, "that is, it looks so."

"And feels?" asked his roguish cousin.

But the young expert evidently did not hear, for he went on: "Not much fun looking on today; altogether too large a crowd, and the small boys are apparently owners of everything. Let's go and see if we can't get some lunch. I'm almost tired to death. Take my arm, Nan, until we get off the ice; it's exceedingly slippery. You want to be careful not to fall."

"And they neglected to brush him off, poor fellow!" murmured Kit, as she followed them up the walk.

THE DEACON'S WIFE.

WE had been telling ghost stories by the firelight until we had exhausted our stock; every one was most anxious to be terrified, but there was no satisfactory apparition forth-coming for the purpose. Not only had none of us seen a ghost, but not one of us was acquainted with any one else who had ever enjoyed that privilege, and there was a painful want of reality about all our spirits. It is true that such unearthly visitants should not be too matter-of-fact, but a certain degree of substance is essential, and too transparent a ghost is as bad as none at all. So we were sitting about the hearth in silence, longing for a story-teller of more vivid experiences, when a young lady, still unfrightened and therefore flippant, turned toward the corner where the little doctor was smoking, and said, "Doctor, didn't you ever meet a ghost?"

The doctor was the most clear-headed and jolly of men, and the whole circle burst into a laugh at the question. Whether he was piqued at the laugh, or whether he was disgusted with the wretched apparitions which the rest of us had raised, I do not know, but to our surprise there was a momentary silence, and then the doctor's voice sounded gravely from his gloomy corner:

"I never saw a ghost, Miss Lottie, but I believe I have met one."

"Oh! tell us about it! Do tell us the whole story!" came from all sides; and the doctor went on:

"I never mentioned it before. It happened when I was a young man, and to tell you the truth, I underwent such a shock at the time that I did not willingly speak of it. Of late years it has almost passed out of my head. I have no difficulty in recalling the whole affair, however, and if you like I will tell you about it now.

"You may not know that when I first began to practise my profession my highest ambition was to be a country doctor. I had no near relations, and when I left the medical school I settled in a little town in Vermont, chiefly because it had been my mother's home in her childhood, and I had always heard her speak with unqualified admiration of its beauties and social advantages. Really it was exactly like hundreds of other little country towns. The oldest physician in the place had just died, and as I was rather a lively, wide-awake young fellow, I soon got into my hands the best of whatever practice there was going. There was little enough of it, but in those days I thought it pretty fine. I soon had a horse and buggy of my own, and engaged a boy, half apprentice and half servant, who had medical ambitions of his own, and used to help me make up my pills and spread my plasters. He was a smart chap too, poor Sam.

"One day this boy opened my office door, and said Deacon Gower wanted to see me.

"'Very well,' I said, 'show the deacon in.'

"I was struck by the man's appearance when he entered. He was tall and thin, with piercing black eyes, and his face bespoke an unusual amount of both intelligence and obstinacy. Indeed the latter was apparent at the very outset. He had come to consult me about some trifling illness, and seemed to expect to have his own way about medicines. I think my refusal to yield to him inspired him with some confidence, and he still sat talking after the object of his call was disposed of. Presently I began to suspect there was some purpose behind his sociability. He talked disconnectedly, and as if, though strange to the ways of diplomacy, he was trying to introduce some unusual subject in a natural manner. After two or three false starts he reverted to the topic of his own ailments, and thence seemed able to proceed more smoothly.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I 'ain't never felt quite right sence Sairey Ann died. I s'pose you know I'm a widower? Yes. I've been a little nervous off an' on ever sence.'

"I said he did not look like a nervous subject.

"'No,' said he, 'I don't s'pose I do; but I'm free to confess I've felt a little oneasy at times. I don't know 's you may've heard on it, but Sairey Ann she died ruther hard. She used to talk a little sharp once in a while. She was a good worker—a good worker Sairy Ann was—and she always done her best just the same, but once in a while she used to talk. And I will say she talked ruther rough when she was goin'. I s'pose she didn't half mean it. I 'ain't spoke of it before, but I s'pose, bein' a doctor, you won't think so much on it. But I must say, ever sence I've been a little oneasy for fear she—she mightn't be buried just to her likin'. Now what should you consider the safetest way to bury a person, doctor—hey?'

"I said I had never reflected much on the question, but presumed any reasonable person might be satisfied with a good grave.

"'No,' he said, 'no; a grave don't amount to much. I wouldn't give much for an ornery grave. But a vault, now; that seems like a pretty substantial kind of a place, don't you think? It's solid, and it seems to me it ought to be comfortable enough. It seems to me a vault is about the best. I put Sairey Ann in a vault.'

"I expressed my entire approval of this course, and for a few moments he continued to converse, restating the fact, and his feelings and motives in connection with it, until he had apparently succeeded in firmly convincing himself by the force of his own remarks that a vault was the only really trustworthy place of interment. Then he rose and left.

"At that time I slept in my office, but took my meals at the inn across the way, and when I went over to supper that evening I asked my landlady who Deacon Gower was. She gave me a little account of the deacon himself, but soon branched off into a description of his wife.

"'Sairey Ann,' she said, 'only died about two months ago. I never thought she'd 'a lasted so long. She went into a gallopin' consumption; but really, doctor, between you an' me, it was just because of her bein' druv too hard. An' she thought so too; I know she did. She was mostly a poor, pinin' kind o' thing that hadn't many words, but once in a while she'd let her tongue go, an' then, I can tell you, there was talkin'. She was one o' these yieldin' kind that's always givin' up an' bein' oppressed, an' yet managin' to get their own way. But she didn't make it work, after all. No one else ever got their own way when the deacon was round, an' I will say Sairey Ann had a hard time of it. He druv her a leetle *too* hard, an' she was yieldin', an' never refused. But once in a long-ways I know she'd turn round an' jaw him awful. The trouble was all about his endorsin' for his brother. She didn't want him to do it in the first place, but he went agin her an' signed, because, he said, kin ought to help each other. An' then when the brother got sold up an' couldn't pay, they come down on the deacon. Him an' Sairey Ann they'd always worked hard, an' was well-to-do; but it was for an awful sight o' money—more than they was worth really—an' Sairey Ann wanted he should let everything go an' be bankrupted, an' then start afresh. But the deacon swore he'd keep his farm, an' pay off the bill too, if it killed him. He might better 'a said if it killed Sairey Ann, for he was tougher'n she was, a sight. Anyhow, she begged an' prayed an' scolded, but it didn't do no good. The deacon was sot, an' the angel Gabriel himself couldn't 'a moved him. He fixed it up with the creditors, an' anything work like them two I never did see. They was up before daylight in the mornin', an' it seemed to me they didn't lay down long enough nights to get their bones straightened out. They slaved from Sunday mornin' till Saturday night. Once in a while Sairey Ann she'd fly out an' declare she wa'n't goin' to do no more, but, gracious! that didn't do no good agin the deacon. She hadn't the spunk to stand out agin him; but I'll tell you what she had spunk for, an' that was to hate him. She got to hatin' him like pizen, an' sometimes she'd give him looks that was enough to make you shiver. I don't believe he had sense enough to see it. I guess if you'd asked him he'd just 'a laughed, an' said Sairey Ann was feelin' a leetle contrairy. Well, it went on that way for three years, she gettin' thinner an' thinner; but they got the money nigh all paid off. I was in to their house one mornin', an' I remember how cold it was—for they wouldn't spare wood enough to keep 'emselves warm—when she says, "George," says she, "I've got a kind o' catch in my side," says she, "an' I want you should step down to Dr. Fairley's an' tell him to come up." "Sairey Ann," says he, "you better wait awhile; in another two weeks I calculate we'll have the last o' that bill paid off. We better pay our debts before we think o' doctorin';" an' with that he walked out o' the room. Sairey Ann she never said nothin', but she give him a look enough to take a body's breath away, only he never see it.

"'Well, a fortnight after, the deacon he paid the last that was owin' on that bill, an' the next day Sairey Ann she took to her bed, an' Dr. Fairley come to see her. But he said he couldn't do nothin' for her; it was too late. If he'd been called earlier, he said, he might 'a done somethin', or if she hadn't been so run down with poor food an' hard work. Sairey Ann she had these dreadful light-colored eyes that looked as if the color 'd been washed out of 'em; but, my! all the time the doctor was a-talkin' her eyes shone like white fire. I had to shift my seat so's not to see 'em, they looked so awful.

"'She didn't last long after that. In three weeks we buried her, an' the night before she died she let out her whole mind to the deacon. I know she did, because I was in the next room. I couldn't make out much of what they said, but I could tell the deacon didn't get much of a chance to talk. Every time he opened his mouth she'd come at him like a whirlwind, an' at last he come to my door, all shakin', an' says he, "Mis' Smith," says he, "I wish you'd come to Sairey Ann; I mistrust she isn't in her right mind. Come right along, an' see if you can quiet her any." I went right to her room, an' there I see she was past speakin'; but when the deacon crept in after me she opened her eyes agin, an' stared at him with that blazin' look, an', my! if he didn't get out o' that room quick!

"'I suppose she used up the last of her strength talkin' to the deacon; anyways she died that night, an' the deacon buried her in a hurry the next day but one, an' he kept a dozen women sittin' in the room with her day an' night till she was laid in the vault. It seemed silly, but he was in such a state we didn't none of us want to contradict him, an' we did just as he said. I never see a man so upset. He didn't bury her in a grave neither; he put her in that big vault in the middle of the cemetery, the same where Joseph Allen's baby's a-goin' to be buried on Wednesday. That 'll be the first coffin put in there since Mis' Gower's.'

"I thought of the deacon often during the next few days, and was not surprised to see him at my office early the next Wednesday morning. He wanted to know if I was going to the funeral that day. He was not going himself, he said, but if I went he would be much obliged if I would notice whether everything was right at the cemetery. I willingly promised what he wished. I was able to report to him that evening that all was in order at the vault, and that I had seen it closed and locked before I came away. I did not mention—for he seemed nervous, and there was no need to trouble him with such an unimportant detail—that the sexton, who was by no means a model character, had been decidedly under the influence of liquor, and had required much supervision to accomplish his duties properly. But the deacon still appeared a little dissatisfied.

"'You're sure it's all right?' he said, two or three times over. 'I feel a little oneasy. That Thomas Grimes always was the most shiftless feller. You're sure everything looked all right and straight afore you come away?'

"'Yes,' I said; 'not only was everything left in good order, and the door locked, but I saw Thomas safely out of the graveyard and on his way to the inn before I left.'

"'Well,' he said, 'that ought to settle it; but I wished I knew why I felt so oneasy. It's all fancy, I guess. Fancies is queer things. If one gits a holt of you sometimes you can't seem to git shet of it, even if you know it's all nonsense. I've had fancies like that, that I knew there wasn't no sense to 'em at all, an' yet I couldn't never seem to git quite shet of 'em. Night's the worst time for 'em, too. Well, doctor, much obliged to you for yer trouble. I got a good ways to go, an' I must be joggin'. Good-night.'

"The next morning at dusk I was roused by a crackling sound at my window. When I collected my senses I became aware that it was the pattering of gravel thrown against the pane. I jumped up and threw open the sash. There outside stood the deacon, looking white and wild in the dim light.

"'Open the door,' he cried. 'I want to see you. Come quick.'

"I hurried on some clothes and went to the door. He was standing beside it, and startled me by slipping in the moment it was opened. His clothes were all awry, he had on no hat, his face was colorless, and he was trembling in every muscle.

"'Why, deacon,' I cried, 'what has happened? You are terribly cold. Sit down here and let me start a fire. What's the matter? Are you sick?'

"He seemed to have some difficulty in collecting himself, but at last he answered:

"'No, I guess I ain't sick. I been havin' some o' them fancies we was talkin' about. They was awful;' and as he spoke he grasped me by the arm and began to tremble afresh, so that his gigantic shadow wavered back and forth, enveloping the whole ceiling. 'Or maybe it was dreams,' he went on. 'It might 'a been a dream, for I'd got to bed, an' I remember hearin' the hall clock strike midnight, an' thinkin' I'd be asleep in another minute; an' then the wind outside blew up fresh, an' the door blew open, an' I raised up to see what was the matter, an' there I see—Oh Lord! it must 'a been a fancy, but it seems just as if it was the livin' truth—I see Sairey Ann comin' across the floor in the moonlight, an' her eyes was a-shinin' an' a-glarin' just like they was the day she died, an' her arms was stretched out in front of her, an' her fingers twistin' in an' out, an' she come straight at my throat. It seemed like as if I just had time to jump out o' bed before she was there, an' then she come at me, an' I had to wrastle with her, an'—Oh Lord!—every few minutes she'd get her fingers at my throat, an' it did seem as if I wa'n't goin' to have strength enough to pull 'em off. Then the clock give a stroke, an' it seemed as if she melted right away. I was clean wore out. I guess I must 'a swooned, an' when I come to I got into my clothes quicker'n I ever did afore, an' I put out for your office like lightnin'. I knew you was the sort o' man to help me. Them—them fancies is awful things. I s'pose you can cure 'em, though?'

"Every tone of his voice showed both his uncontrollable terror, and the tenacity with which he clung to the idea that all his fears were the fruit of his own imagination. It would evidently have been a great relief to him at that moment if I had told him he was crazy. I did tell him something of the sort; that is, I said his mind was in a morbid state, from which it would undoubtedly recover with time and care. I gave him some soothing medicine, talked of ordinary subjects, and did everything I could to get him into a quieter condition. Presently he grew calmer, and it was interesting to watch the way in which both his reason and his will combated with his hallucination. He never for a moment, even in his greatest terror, spoke of it as anything but a fancy, and he was ready at any moment to describe or reason about it in the most lucid manner. I was therefore a little startled when in the course of the morning (he had remained in my office) he turned round to me in a matter-of-fact way and said:

"'Doctor, I want you should go down to the graveyard when you go out, and see if that vault door is locked.'

"'Nonsense!' said I, 'I saw it locked myself the last thing. That is only one of those morbid ideas which you should try to rid yourself of. Don't allow yourself to think of such things.'

"'I'll red myself of such idees fast enough,' he answered, 'when you tell me you found it locked. It's all very well to call 'em fancies, an' try to get shet of 'em. I guess they *be* fancies. But all the same maybe that door is a-swingin' open, an' I want you should lock it, an' keep the key yourself. I don't want no Thomas Grimes keepin' that key no more.'

"'Very well,' I said; and when I went out to visit my few patients I went round by the cemetery. I walked up the winding path, turned the corner toward the vault, and there was the heavy door swinging half-way open, as the deacon had said. I went in and looked about. Everything was in order as I had seen it left the day before, the coffins resting in niches along the wall. I went to look up Thomas Grimes. He was still pretty drunk, but by questioning him and several others I found that when he left the inn the night before he had gone back to the vault, in a fit of tipsy carefulness, to get some of the implements of his profession which he remembered having left behind. He must have left it open then. I got the key from him, locked the door myself, and put the key in my pocket.

"The deacon was still in my office when I got back. 'How about that door?' he said.

"It is a proof of the impression which his clear head and strength of will had made on me that I thought it best to tell him the truth on the spot. 'I found it open,' I said. 'Grimes was drunk, and went back there again last night. But it's all right now; I have the key myself.'

"The deacon nodded his head slowly. 'Yes,' he said, 'I suspicioned that door'd be open. Well, doctor, I've been thinkin' it over while you've been gone. Mebbe you're right an' my brain's out of order; but I guess I can't do too much to make things sure. You kin go on givin' me all the medicines you want, but meantime I ain't goin' to have Sairey Ann lyin' in no vault. I'm goin' to put her in a decent Christian grave, an' cover the earth over her. When I was down to Boston last year I see some tombstones that, it seems to me, would be just the right kind for Mis' Gower. They was polished an' handsome, an' they was very solid. They was almost as wide one way as they was the other, and I noticed folks always had two, one to the foot an' one to the head. I was thinkin' I might put another in the middle. They was pretty heavy.'

"'All right, deacon,' said I. 'You had better do as you like about that.'

"Accordingly, before a week was out, the deacon's wife rested under three imposing granite stones, the heaviest and squarest that could be procured. He had chosen for the interment a place on the confines of the graveyard, from which there was a wide view over the surrounding country, and it was really a beautiful spot. A brook which ran at the foot of the knoll watered two tall elms, whose shade played over the thick turf with which Sairey Ann's resting-place was carefully covered, and when the coffin was transferred to its new abode, and everything was decently in order, the deacon looked about him with a sigh of relief.

"'Well,' he said, 'I should think Sairey Ann had ought to be contented now. I don' know as I ever see a prettier place. She ought to lie in peace here, I sh'd think. The stones is handsome too—mighty handsome—and she always liked handsome fixin's. I don't mind tellin' you, doctor, that I've got a great load off my mind. That vault was an awful damp, discouragin' place; but out here it's real pleasant. You can give that key back to Thomas whenever you like, doctor.'

"I did so that very day. Nervous diseases are apt to be more or less infectious, and intercourse with the deacon had, I thought, a little disturbed my own healthy balance. Ever since I had taken the key of the vault from Thomas I had been subject to incoherent impulses prompting me to go and unlock the door. They were entirely unreasonable, and vanished as soon as I directed my attention upon them, but that did not prevent their being very annoying. I would occasionally start up from my chair, sometimes even get to my door, without any apparent motive except a perfectly illogical desire to go up to the graveyard and unfasten the vault. Several times, while reflecting on some puzzling case, I had even driven round by the cemetery without noticing where I was going, and indeed on one occasion I had gone so far as to get out of the buggy and walk half-way up the path before I became aware of what I was about. I was glad to relinquish the key.

"The following winter was an unusually severe one, and the snow lay very deep. The deacon, ever since the night when he was driven by his strange vision to seek shelter beneath my roof, had lived in the village. He said he didn't care to live alone any more. But he had no return of his hallucinations, and seemed to be in a perfectly healthy condition of mind and body. He came in to visit me once in a while, and I was always glad to see him, although he no longer appeared to be an obscure and interesting case.

"Late in the spring the ice broke up, the snow melted, and there were destructive freshets throughout the country. Even our own little mill stream had risen to a threatening height, and almost barred the passage over the road. This made it very hard for me to get about to see those patients who lived at a distance, and I came home late one night, tired, and drenched with the rain which had been falling in torrents all the afternoon. On my way I overtook the deacon, and invited him to ride back to the village with me; but he was not an agreeable companion. He was in a silent mood, and seemed restless and irritable.

"'I feel oneasy, doctor,' he said, as he got out at his door. 'I don't know what it can be makes me feel so anxious. Mebbe it's the weather. A sight o' rain fallen to-day, hain't there?'

"As I drove up to my own door I thought to myself that the deacon wasn't looking so well as he had done through the winter, and that I must look after him a little. Sam took my horse over to the barn, and after a hot supper and a pipe I went to bed thoroughly tired out.

"I must have slept heavily, for when I was roused by hearing my name shouted violently beneath the window I had an indistinct sense that the noise had been going on for a long time before I awoke. I went to the window. The weather had cleared and a frost had come on, so that the white moonlight glittered on the thin sheets of ice which covered the little pools. Right before me, with his scanty gray hair tossed wildly about, barefooted, and clothed only in his white night dress, which clung and shivered about his thin form as the frosty wind blew it this way and that, stood the deacon. I perceived as soon as I looked at him that he was in a rage of terror, and hastily opened the door. He rushed in, panting.

"'She's been after me again, doctor,' he shouted. 'She's nigh killed me this time. Just look at my throat! She had her fingers round it so tight I thought I'd never get 'em off in this life. Good Lord! I thought I was gone that time.'

"'Deacon,' I said, 'you've had another attack of the old delusion. You shouldn't have come out this way in the middle of the night; it's enough to kill you. Get right into my bed, and I'll mix you some brandy. Try to keep as quiet as you can; it 'll pass off presently.'

"He gave a deep groan. 'It's no use, doctor,' he said. 'There ain't no good talkin' that way. It ain't no delusion; it's Sairey Ann. She means to kill me, an' she'll do it yet.'

"'Nonsense, deacon!' I said. 'Keep quiet, and drink your brandy.'

"He took a deep draught of the brandy and water, and lay still for some time, shivering continually, not apparently from cold, but from terror and shock. At last he looked up at me. His eyes distressed me; there was in them such exhaustion, such despair, and underlying both such unconquerable fear.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I'd like to tell you all about this thing. Perhaps you'll think different when you know all about it. You know I endorsed a bill for my brother Tom, and he couldn't pay, an' I said I would if it tuk the last breath out of us both to do it. Sairey Ann she didn't want I should. She said she was tired o' workin', an' she wa'n't goin' to work no harder to pay no other man's debts. But I said she should, an' I guess when I said that she knew she'd have to. We both had to buckle to pretty hard. Once in a while she'd turn round and scold, but I never thought nothin' on it; she always went back to work agin all right; fact is, I don't know if she'd 'a' found it very easy to leave off. I was always pretty sot in my ways, an' I don't know 's I was ever more sot on anything than I was on payin' off every cent of them bills. Well, when I paid the last of 'em, Sairey Ann tuk sick. She'd been ailin' some along before, but after that she tuk to her bed. An' she wouldn't bear me to come any way nigh her. She said—she said she *hated* me. She said I'd been a-murderin' her by inches. An' she said she'd pay me for it yet. The night afore she died she called as I was goin' along the hall, an' when I got into the room, there she was sittin' up in bed, with her eyes blazin' so they scared me. That's the way they always look now.' He broke off with a shudder.

"In a moment he resumed. 'She said she was a-goin' that night, but she'd leave her cuss behind for me for killin' her. She talked awful, reelly. I can't repeat it all. She even'—the deacon's voice sank, and he looked at me to see how I was going to bear it—'she even *swore!* The last thing she said was, says she, "You've kept me down all my life," says she; "blast you, see if you can keep me down now!" says she. I couldn't stand no more, an' I put right out o' the room; but she died that very night. She was one of these meek, yieldin' kind o' women,' he went on, after a pause, 'that never seem to have sperit enough to say their soul's their own; but I don't know as I ever knew her to make friends again with any one that had angered her. I've been a-thinkin' it over considerable, an' I can't remember as she ever forgive any one for hurtin' her all the time I knew her. An'—Oh Lord!—she ain't never goin' to forgive me.'

"I watched beside the deacon the rest of the night (it had been between one and two when he appeared under my window), and by morning he was much quieter. I sent Sam for his clothes, and when he was up and dressed he looked quite like himself again, though he was still pallid and tremulous.

"'I s'pose you know,' he said, as soon as we had finished the breakfast which Sam brought over from across the way, 'that I'd be greatly obliged to you if you'd go over to the cemetery and look round there. I don't feel equal to goin' myself, but I feel 's if I must know how it is over there.'

"I nodded. 'You stay here with Sam, and make yourself comfortable,' I said, 'and I will bring you word exactly.'

"I set off immediately for the cemetery, though it was a hard pull through the heavy mire. The frost of the night had all disappeared, and the roads were running with water. Even the little brook which flowed by the graveyard had turned into a rushing stream, brown with mud and white with foam, and overflowed the road, instead of stealing quietly beneath the tiny bridge. I had some trouble in fording it.

"When I reached the cemetery Thomas Grimes was standing at the gate, apparently waiting for some one to whom to impart his news.

"'Well, doctor,' he shouted, as soon as I came in sight, 'the dead 'll be comin' to judgment soon if this thaw keeps on. The brook's a-carryin' the graveyard down-hill as fast as it can. Better come up an' take another look at the view while it lasts.'

"I followed him up the hill, and when we got to the knoll where the deacon's wife was buried I saw that the brook had washed out the whole side of the hill. The soil above had caved in, and there had been a landslide. Half-way down the hill, lying poised on one side, rested the headstone from the grave above. It must have been loosened by the frosts of winter, or it would not have followed the miniature avalanche, which, after all, had only carried off the soil from a small area.

"I gave a little start, an' Grimes saw it. 'The deacon 'll hev to plant her agin,' he said, with a chuckle. 'It's all good for the trade, so I got no call to grumble. I'm glad the durned thing's down, though. All the winter through I've been itchin' to pry that confounded thing up, an' I can't tell why, nuther. I guess I must 'a took my spade a dozen times an' marched over to this hill, an' when I got here all I wanted was to dig under that confounded stone. Just the same fool way I come stumblin' over here to get the rope out o' that vault the night you got so mad 'cause I left the blamed door open. You never had that sort o' feelin' after you got the key, I s'pose, hey?" he said, looking up at me sharply; 'as if you'd just remembered you'd got to go back to the vault for somethin' you'd left behind, an' it didn't make no difference whether you knew you didn't want the durned thing or not? No, I s'posed you hadn't. Well, I guess mebbe I take a leetle too much spirituous liquor, an' my nerves is gettin' a mite upset. If I was sexton over to Salem, I'd think I was bewitched.' He ended with another chuckle.

"I reached my office to find the deacon looking much better. 'Well, doctor,' he cried, 'what did you find was the matter?'

"He was sure to hear sooner or later of the damage done by the freshet, and again it seemed better to tell him the exact truth. It did not in the least shock him, for he had expected to hear something of the kind; indeed, like the prick of the spur to a weary horse, it only seemed to give him fresh spirit.

"'Jest so, jest so,' he cried. 'Well, there ain't no time to be lost. You'll have to stand by me again, doctor. I got it all fixed up while you was gone. I want you should go right down to Jones's an' buy that lot in the middle of the cemetery. He asks an awful price for it, but the money don't make no matter now. Get Grimes an' some more men to help him, an' let 'em dig a grave right in the middle of it. Dig it twenty feet deep, an' you see to it yourself, doctor. Then let 'em move the —the coffin in there, an' cover it up firm. I'll be back afore nightfall with the stone.'

"Though the deacon looked worn and nervous, he seemed inspired with fresh energy. I really did not know what it would be best to do, and therefore I yielded entirely to him, and went off to see his orders executed. Everything was done exactly as he had wished, and toward dusk appeared at the cemetery gate an ox-cart, with the deacon and driver trudging beside it, in which lay an enormous square slab of granite, large enough to cover any two graves, and at least a foot thick. With the help of oxen and a large force of men the stone was laid in its place, and the deacon looked at it with weary but satisfied eyes.

"'It's bigger'n ornery,' he said, 'but it's the newest style in buryin'-stones.'

"Grimes, who stood by, chuckled approval. 'No one can say you don't pay every respeck to Mis' Gower,' he mumbled. 'That's what I call a good solid stone. I sha'n't go foolin' round that, tryin' to dig it up.'

"After this several months passed over quietly. The deacon seemed to have become perfectly calm and reasonable again. Indeed, once or twice he alluded to his past experiences as 'fancies,' a sure sign that he was not dwelling upon them with any morbid feeling. I too entirely shook off the uncomfortable sensations which at one time, I must confess, had invaded my prosaic nature. I accounted for the whole affair by a series of hallucinations and coincidences which, as time passed by, seemed to offer a sufficient explanation of all that had appeared most strange and unaccountable in the deacon's story. I was therefore all the more irritated at the little thrill of irrational terror which passed through me when old Grimes met me one day in the village and told me he had been bothered by some tramps who were hanging about the church-yard.

"'There's three of 'em,' he said, 'an' this mornin' one of 'em come up to me, an' what do you think he says? "That's an awful big stone in the middle of your graveyard," says he. "Me an' my mates is achin' to heft it," says he. "What do you want to go mussin' up the graveyard for?" says I; "what good 'd it do you if you *did* heft that stone?" says I; "an' besides," says I, "you couldn't stir it." "I know that," says he, "but mebbe we could if you lent a hand. Come on an' try." "What do you want to try for?" says I. "I dun know," says he; "but we've all agreed we can't rest easy till we've raised that stone a little." An' would you believe it, doctor, but I was dumb fool enough to foller him half-way over to the middle of the graveyard, meek as you please, to help 'em lift that almighty stone off Mis' Gower's grave! I can't think what got into me to make me such a blamed idjit; but I went along that path just as much set on upsettin' that stone as any of 'em. If I hadn't stumbled an' twisted my ankle I don't believe I should 'a come to my senses either. But the pain seemed to bring me up standin', an' I just turned right round an' put out for the village; an' now you'd better attend to it right away, or some other confounded idjit 'll come along an' help 'em. *I* ain't a-goin' back till they're all out o' the way.'

"I went directly to the town constable's, and before night the tramps were locked up in the jail of the adjoining town, and matters were made so extremely disagreeable for them that there was little danger of their ever returning to that neighborhood. For the rest, they did not appear to have been animated by any distinct purpose in their proposition to Grimes. It was simply the working of a lawless freak, which there was no reason to suppose would recur when they were once out of the neighborhood.

"The next week Grimes met me again, and stopped short to begin a fretful conversation.

"'I wish to goodness,' he said, 'the deacon 'd move Mis' Gower over to some other cemetery. I never was so flustered about a grave before sence the thirty years I been sexton. It reelly seems as if it was nigh about impossible to keep her down. What do you think I found last night but them imps o' boys had been an' laid a reg'lar mine under the edge o' that slab, an' there was a fuse o' gunpowder runnin' half-way down the hill. Goin' to have an explosion to-night, I s'pose, an' scare the town. What's got into 'em, to make 'em so bad, beats me. They never done nothin' like that afore. If I can catch 'em I'll give 'em somethin' that 'll teach 'em to know what's what. I cleaned all the powder out, but I wish't you'd come over an' take a look at it an' see if you think it's all right. I declare I'm that upset I don't hardly know what I'm about.'

"I followed Grimes up the road and through the cemetery gates. It was late August, and the evening was sultry and lowering. A thunder-storm was gathering in the west, and the whole land was oppressed with the impending gloom. But I was able to reassure Grimes about the grave, which was in perfect order, now that he had repaired the damage done in laying the mine. It was evidently, as he had surmised, the work of some of the village boys, who, carried away by some unaccountable impulse, had undertaken their mischievous enterprise without reflecting on the consequences. I looked down at the heavy stone at my feet, and then at the wide expanse of country which stretched away on every side in the gathering twilight, and felt angry with myself that I could not throw off the restless feeling of fear which the little incidents of the past two weeks had given rise to. I went home and called to Sam that he needn't go to his mother's that night; I had a number of medicines and so forth to make up, and he might stay to help me. The truth was that I did not like to be alone.

"'This won't do,' I said to myself; 'I shall be as bad as the deacon if I go on like this.'

"I called in Sam, and we went to work together compounding pills and powders. After dark the thunder-storm came on with tremendous power; twice the lightning struck somewhere in the neighborhood of the village, and the thunder was terrible. At last there was a lull, and I hoped the storm was over, for I attributed to the electrical disturbance the sensation of uneasiness which still lingered about me, in spite of the distractions of pill-making and Sam's conversation. But when I looked out I saw by the broken moonlight that there was a fresh cloud rising in the west.

"'It's no use for us to go to bed, Sam, if it is near midnight,' I said; 'this storm is going to be worse than the other. It's as black as Egypt outside. Even you couldn't sleep through the racket we're going to have.'

"Just as I spoke, the door opened a little way, and I started at sight of the deacon's pale, anxious face peering through the crack. It was followed by his gaunt form.

"'You're up, doctor,' he said; 'I'm glad o' that. I thought I'd just step over an' set with you awhile, if it wouldn't be any inconvenience. It's an awful storm—ain't it? I dun know 's I ever see a worse one. I got sort o' lonesome sittin' by myself. The fact is, doctor,' lowering his voice with a side glance at Sam, 'I'm feelin' very oneasy. I can't hold my mind back from runnin' on Sairey Ann. It must be an awful night up to the cemetery. Do you s'pose everything's all right up there, doctor?'

"'Yes, deacon,' I said; 'I am glad I can set your mind entirely at rest about that. I was up there myself and saw Grimes this very evening, and everything was in perfect order. You may make yourself quite easy. It is nothing but the electricity in the air that makes you nervous. When the storm passes over, you will be all right again.'

"Just then there came a quick downpour of rain, then a lull, and suddenly the silence was shivered by a crash so appalling that we all started from our seats.

"'Lord, have mercy!' cried the deacon. 'That must have struck near by.'

"Before he had finished speaking, the door in front of him blew open with a wild gust of wind, and he shrank back, as white as the wall against which he cowered. A look of deadly horror fixed itself on his face.

"'Oh God! Sairey Ann!' he cried, and Sam and I clung together, our hearts sick with fear. We saw nothing, we heard nothing, and yet we were so paralyzed that we could not move, as we watched the deacon stretch out his long arms and wrestle with the invisible air. He fought with terrible energy, but whatever it was that he fought against, it was stronger than he. In the midst of his struggling his head suddenly bent backward, he choked heavily, his arms dropped helpless at his sides, and in another moment he had fallen to the floor. The door swung to. Sam and I, shaking with terror and holding to each other, crept across the floor. I knelt beside the deacon.

"'Sam,' I said, 'he is quite dead. His neck is broken. See here!' and I pointed to the purple marks about his throat.

"'Them's the print of her fingers,' said Sam, shivering, and I nodded.

"After that I had to leave the place. I could not live there, and it was years before I recovered from the shock. Poor Sam never got over it. He ended his life in a lunatic asylum. But at the time I was thankful he had been with me, for I felt it was as well to have another witness to the deacon's death. As it was I had to make out the death certificate, and I wrote that the deacon had died of an accident occurring during a fit. There was nothing else for me to say, but Sam and I both knew it was a hollow subterfuge, and that it was no death by accident which we had seen. Deacon Gower had no relatives, and the towns-people wanted to bury him in the graveyard beside his wife, but I exerted all my influence to have him interred in his native town, thirty miles away, and succeeded. I could not endure the thought of his taking the long sleep at the side of the woman who had murdered him.

"I went to the cemetery the day after the deacon's death, and found that the great granite slab on his wife's grave had been shivered to fragments by the lightning stroke. I was not surprised, for I had known I should find it so before I went."

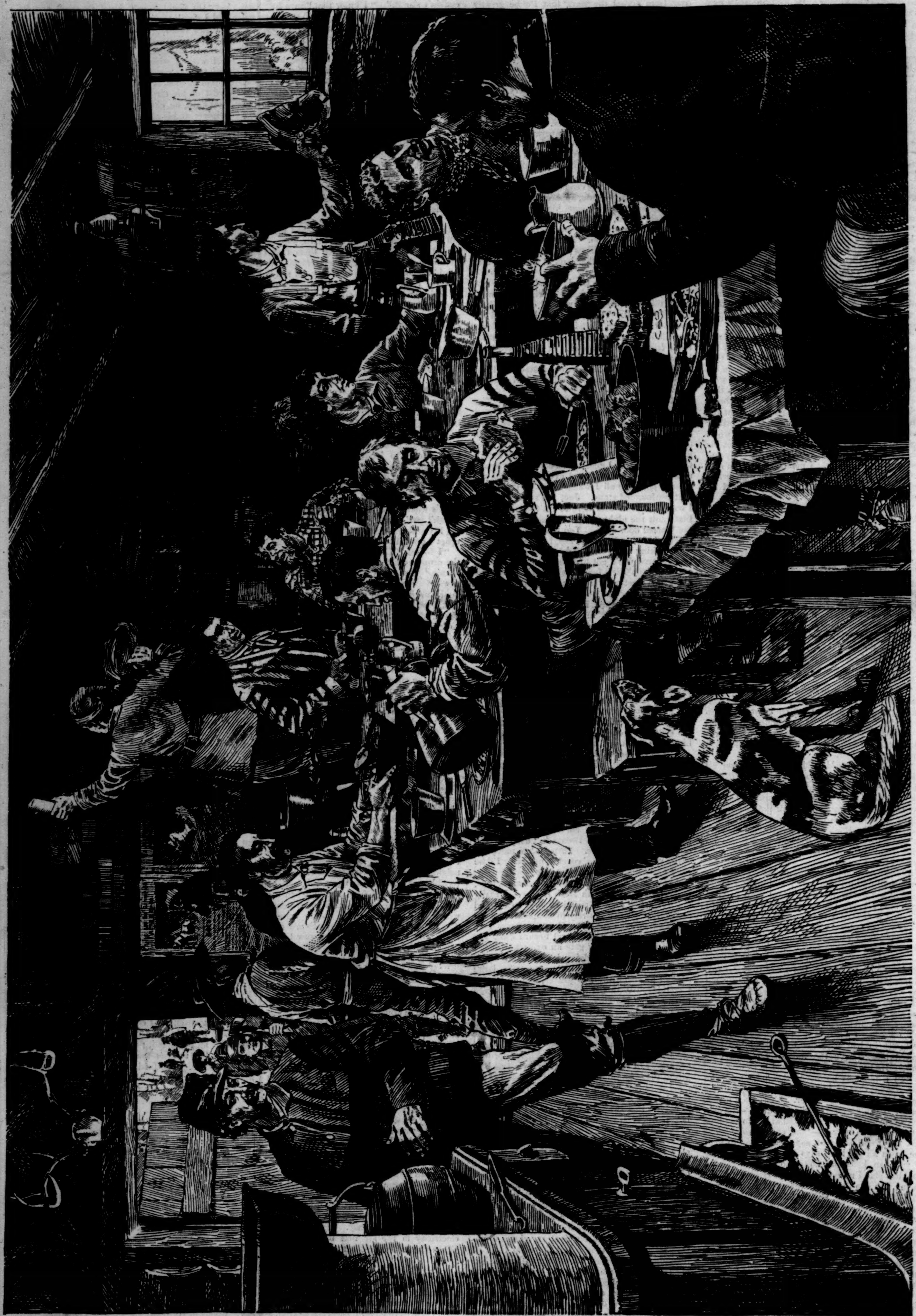
ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

DINNER IN A LOGGING CAMP.

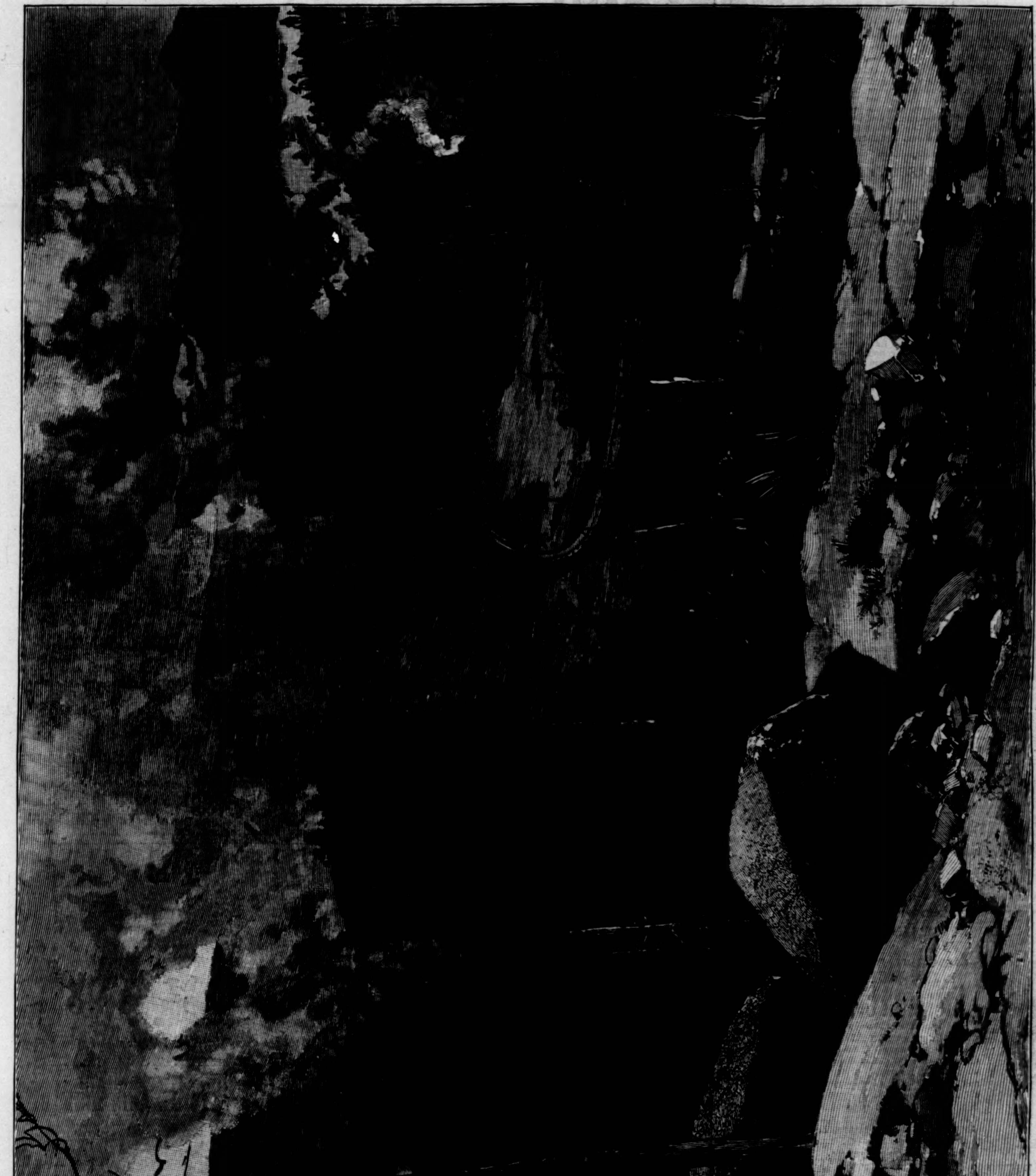
Of the hundreds of logging camps scattered through the pine forests of northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the ordinary Eastern man has little idea. A camp is a little village of perhaps half a dozen log cabins situated in the woods, often from ten to twenty miles from the nearest town or settlement. It has a population, or, more properly speaking, a crew, of from twenty to one hundred men, according to the size of the operations, and two or three women who do the cooking and washing. In general appearance the logging camp of to-day doubtless varies little from those of fifty years ago. Of the half-dozen buildings of which the camp is composed, one, the "men's shanty," serves as a dwelling-house for the whole crew, one for the boarding-house, or "cooks' shanty," in which the cooks live, another for an office and store, and the others for barns, blacksmith shop, etc.

The men's shanty is a large square log cabin with no partitions inside, there being simply one room, with doors and windows at the ends, and bunks built along the sides, one above the other, after the fashion of berths in a steam-boat. Each bunk has a straw tick and heavy woollen blankets for bedding. In the centre of the room is an open space, in the middle of which stands a large sheet-iron heater or stove, with the furniture, consisting of a few wooden benches, scattered around near by. The crew of a camp is made up with men of many nationalities. Besides Americans, there are many Canadians and quite a sprinkling of Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finlanders. The woodsmen are a rough, hardy class of men, who live a rough life, work hard, and endure many privations. They are usually single men, and their worst enemy is whiskey. They encounter this luxury at short range about semi-annually, with unvarying degrees of success in mastering it. Their dress is rather picturesque, their winter costume consisting usually of a red knit cap, red or blue Mackinaw shirt (worn in place of a coat), gray pants, long red stockings drawn over the pants to the knee, heavy low rubbers on the feet, woollen mittens, and perhaps a red sash tied around the waist. Their wages range from eighteen to twenty-six dollars per month, and board. The latter is plain but wholesome, consisting of salt meats, bread, potatoes, and plenty of beans and like articles that are easy to transport and preserve. The food is usually well cooked, and no matter if it could be improved a trifle, the man who swings an axe ten or eleven hours a day in the bracing pine air is apt to call it "good grub."

The men spend their leisure time evenings and Sundays in camp, and the inside of the men's shanty in the evening presents an interesting appearance. They scatter themselves around, resting after their day's work, and amuse themselves in various ways. Some are lying in their bunks reading, some writing letters to distant friends, or perhaps to the girl they left behind them in Canada or far-away Norway or Sweden, while cards, checkers, or singing take up the attention of the remainder. Nearly all are smoking, and the conversation is carefully interlarded with profanity of the most fluent variety. Swearing is one of the accomplishments of the regular woodsman, and he could teach a cow-boy new cuss words. All are in bed before nine o'clock, for they must be up at half past four in the morning, breakfast at five, and be out in the woods at six ready for work. The adage "early to bed and early to rise" is very strictly observed in a logging camp.



DINNER IN A LOGGING CAMP IN THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 83.]



THE GREAT LOOP ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 78.]

TO GENTLEMEN "OUT OF POLITICS."

"Touch pitch"—you know the rest! O gentlemen,
Time was, when Sidney charged on England's foes,
But one brief pause for prayer foreran the blows;
This done, up guard, and steel on sabre then

Till the spent sinews cracked. So was it when
The Sidney fought. 'Tis not for times like those
We mourn. Still the old honor lives and grows;
We boast a Sidney in each citizen.

Shame sits no less upon each true man's brow;
Yet knaves turn knights, and Innocence oppressed
Runs hiding her sweet face. Ye do but frown.
Since steel and helmet ye have long laid down,
Gone home to swing the scythe and speed the plough,
Ye do but cry, "Touch pitch"—you know the rest!

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE discovery by the inhabitants of a locality hitherto unvisited by the pestilent scourge of fever and ague, that it exists in their very midst, is decidedly startling. Such discoveries are made at every season, in every part of the Union. Subsequently, when it is ascertained, as it invariably is at such times, through the valuable experience of some one who has been benefited and cured, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a thoroughly efficacious eradicator of the malarial poison, and a means of fortifying the system against it, a feeling of more security and tranquillity reigns throughout the whole neighborhood. Besides the febrile forms of malarial disease, dumb ague and ague cake are removed by the potent action of the Bitters, to which science also gives its sanction as a remedy for rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, debility, kidney troubles, and all diseases impairing the organs of digestion and assimilation.—[*Adv.*]

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles.—[*Adv.*]

IN every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., Publishers, of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulater of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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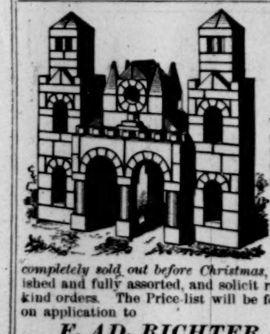
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



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We take pleasure in informing our patrons that our stock of the celebrated **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS,** *completely sold out before Christmas,* is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

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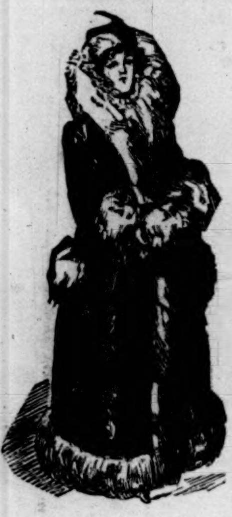

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SILK FABRICS.

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INDIA PONGEES, CORAHS.

Very novel styles of these goods, unrivalled for durability and wear.

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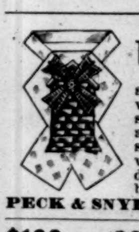
What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



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The Magic Windmill Scarf Pin.

The pin is worn on any scarf, and by a mechanical motion the windmill goes around at a great speed, and will attract attention and excite the curiosity of all who see it. Is made of fine metal, and will not tarnish or get out of order. No acids used. Price each, by mail, **$1.25.**

PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau St., N.Y.

$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., Publishers, 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Infantile Loveliness

No mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity, and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age.

Have been in the drug and medicine business twenty-five years. Have been selling your CUTICURA REMEDIES since they came West. They lead all others in their line. We could not write nor could you print all we have heard said in favor of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. One year ago the CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the RESOLVENT and CUTICURA are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg and perhaps his life. Too much cannot be said in favor of CUTICURA REMEDIES.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

BABY'S Skin, scalp, and hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

When six months old, the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure, it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption (scrofula of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child.

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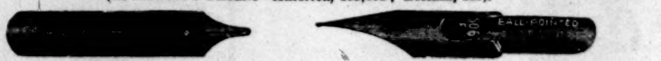

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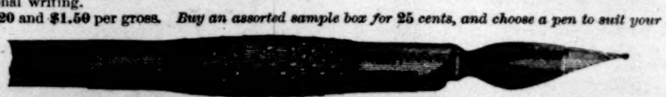
Price **$1.20** and **$1.50** per gross. *Buy an assorted sample box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.*



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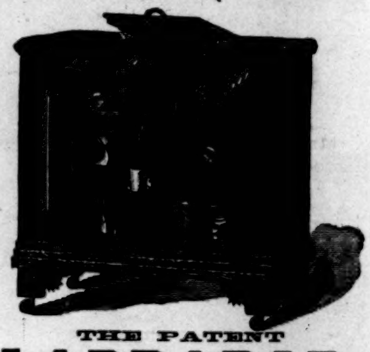

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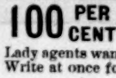

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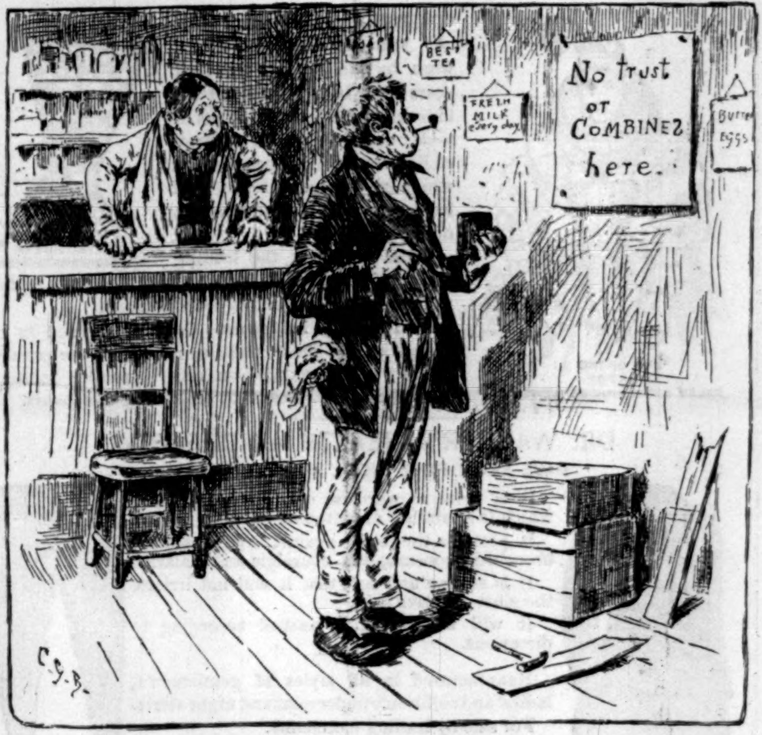
100 PER CENT PROFIT & SAMPLES FREE to men canvassers for **Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belts, Brushes, &c.** Lady agents wanted for Electric Corsets. Quick sales. Write at once for terms. Dr. Scott, 842 B'way, N.Y.

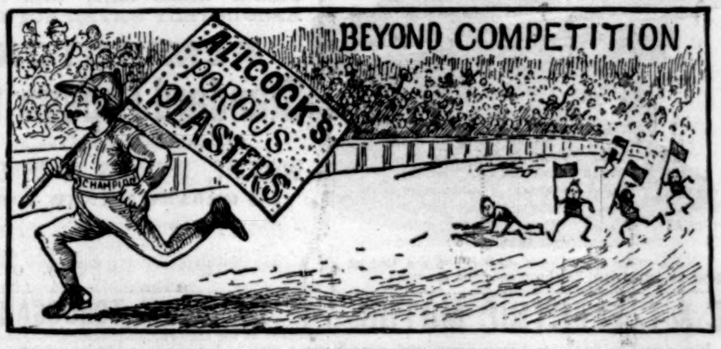


TRUST AND COMBINES.

"An' d'ye think that rades well, Biddy?"

"Lovely, but phwat's a combine, Tim?"

"Faith an' I dunno, but they says that thrusts an' combines is bad fur the raytail daylurs, an' by the powers we won't kape 'em here."



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SHAVING SOAP, for 50 years has been famous for its rich soothing and lasting lather and is the favorite with "SHAVERS" everywhere.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and notions, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

The J. B. Williams Co. Shaving Soap Specialties, Glastonbury, Ct. Formerly Williams & Bros.

Mrs. R. Humphrey, telegraph opertor, Chicago, Ill., writes Nov. 19, 1886, as follows: "I had a bad cough for nearly a year, and could get no relief. Had to leave my place in the office. I tried many remedies, even physicians' prescriptions, without any benefit. One day my husband brought home a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption, saying, 'this is the only medicine we have not already tried.' I had not slept a night for six weeks, and could not lie down. I took a dose of Piso's Cure that night before supper, and one at bedtime, laid down and went to sleep, never waking till morning. Have not lost a night's sleep since. This was three months ago, and now I have almost forgotten my cough."

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

SMALL HAVANA Cigars, "Cadet," 3 inch, $10.00 per 1000. Sample box by mail, 30c. Agents wanted. J. M. Aguero, 246 6th Ave., New York.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be The LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world. D. M. FERRY & Co's *Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced* SEED ANNUAL For 1888 Will be mailed FREE to ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every one using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address **D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. Gunther, Confectioner, Chicago.

STATEMENT
OF
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1887.

ASSETS ....$118,806,851 88.

Insurance and Annuity Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1887	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1888	140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

Revenue Account.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last account	$104,719,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities and Death Claims	14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,901 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes and all other Expenses	3,649,514 54
" Interest, Rents and Premium on Securities Sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account	110,061,718 63
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 06
" Premiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at four per cent	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, *Auditor.*

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886	56,832,719	393,809,203	5,643,568
1887	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

NEW YORK, January 25, 1888.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Samuel E. Sproulls,
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Samuel D. Babcock,
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John E. Develin,
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Hermann C. von Post,
Alexander H. Rice
F. Ratchford Starr,
Lewis May,
Oliver Harriman,
Henry W. Smith,
Robert Olyphant,
George F. Baker,
Jos. Thompson,
Dudley Olcott,
Frederic Cromwell,
Julien T. Davies,
Robert Sewell,
S. Van Rensselaer Cruger,
Charles R. Henderson,
George Bliss,
Rufus W. Peckham,
J. Hobart Herrick,
Wm. P. Dixon,
Robert A. Granniss,
Nicholas C. Miller
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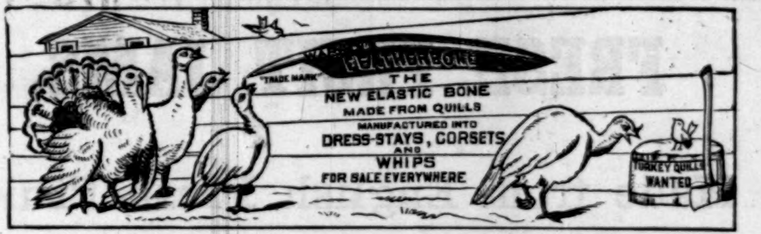
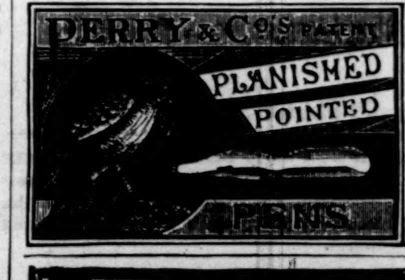
Jno. W. Auchincloss
Theodore Morford
William Babcock,
Preston B. Plumb,
Wm. D. Washburn.


FEATHERBONE
"TRADE MARK"
THE NEW ELASTIC BONE MADE FROM QUILLS MANUFACTURED INTO DRESS-STAYS, CORSETS AND WHIPS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
TURKEY QUILLS WANTED

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

History of Featherbone sent free. Address THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich. Patentees and Sole Manufacturers of Warren's Featherbone Dress Stays, Corsets and Health Waists.



Every One Should Try Them.

They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. They will not stick in the paper, spurt, or blot, and they hold more ink than other pens.

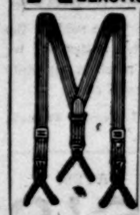
12 selected samples sent for trial, in an **English Jubilee Match-box,** *postpaid,* on receipt of 10 cents. Ask for Planished Pens.

SOLE AGENTS,
IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

BURPEE'S SEEDS. FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888 Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, Colored Plates, and tells all about the BEST GARDEN, FARM and FLOWER Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Valuable New Books on Garden Topics. It describes Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS of real value, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

ARMSTRONG BRACE!

ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.



No Rubber used in these goods. Nickel Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. **Ask Your Dealer for Them.** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

A	Quality, plain or fancy web	$	50
B	" " " web		75
C	" " " web	1	00
D	" " " web	1	25
E	" plain silk web	1	50
F	" fancy silk web	2	00

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 216 Church st., N.Y. 267 Franklin st., Chicago.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts.

GIANT Self-inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, **$5**. Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

MONEY MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Upholstery Department.

NEW IMPORTATION OF

Curtains and Furniture Decorations.

Turkish, Oriental, Silk and Lace Curtains,

SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR FURNISHING

SUBURBAN, COUNTRY, AND SEASIDE HOUSES.

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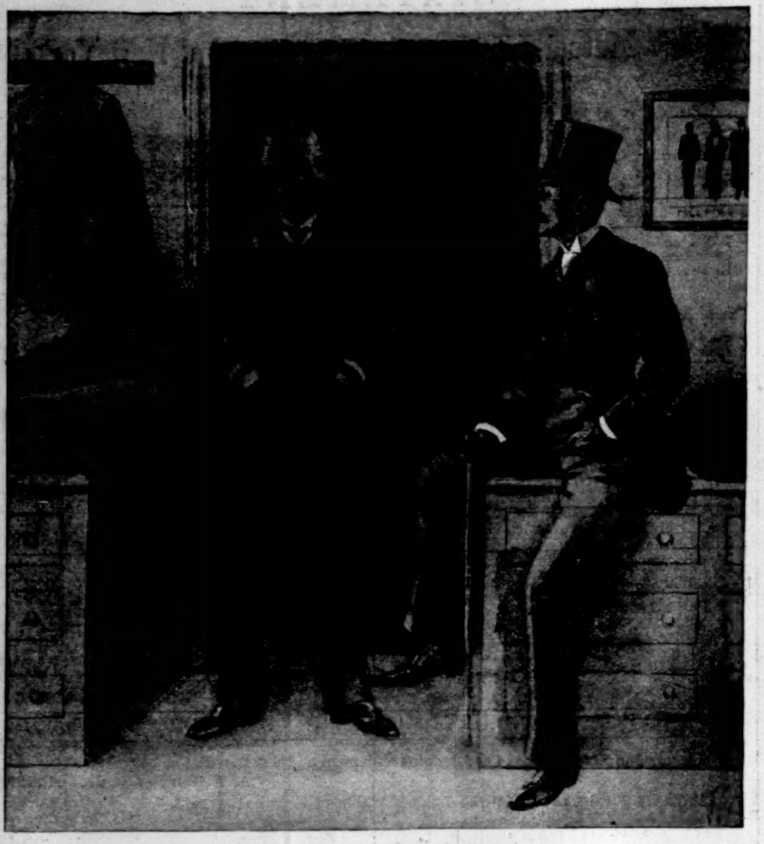


UNREASONABLE!

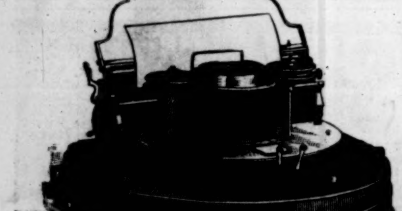
HARRY POCKETBURN. "I say, Fiddler, when are you going to let me have that suit I ordered?"
TAILOR. "When you pay for the last one."
HARRY POCKETBURN. "Oh, I can't wait so long as that."

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

"HAMMOND"



TYPEWRITER.

LONDON AWARD, OCTOBER, 1887.

"The best Typewriter for office work where speed is required."

MECHANICS' FAIR, BOSTON, DEC., 1887.

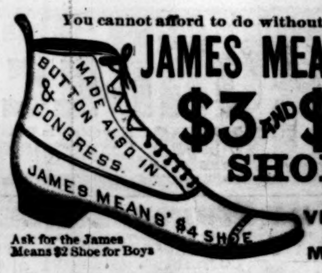
Awarded the only Gold Medal.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.,
75 and 77 Nassau St., New York.

JACQUES SELIGMAN'S Private Show-Rooms, 37, Rue des Mathurins, Paris. The largest choice of CURIOSITIES, antique FURNITURE, CHINA, Jade & Italian Fayence.

A MAN MUST BE VERY HARD TO SUIT if he is not satisfied with the James Means' $4 Shoes. Retailers who are up with the times sell them in all parts of the United States.

You cannot afford to do without them.


MADE ALSO IN BUTTON & CONGRESS.
JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE

JAMES MEANS'
$3 AND $4
SHOES.
THE VERY BEST MADE.

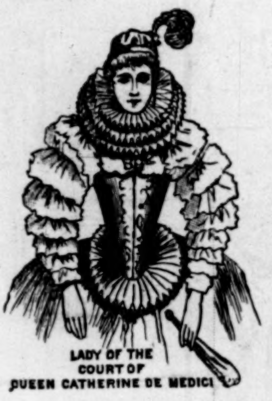
Ask for the James Means $2 Shoe for Boys

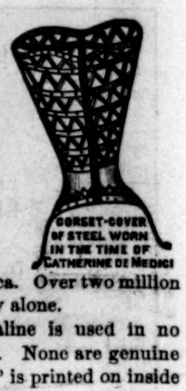
Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by the best retailers throughout the United States, and we will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will send us a postal card.

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln Street,
Boston, Mass.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.


LADY OF THE COURT OF QUEEN CATHERINE DE MEDICI


CORSET-COVER OF STEEL WORN IN THE TIME OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI

THESE cuts correctly represent the dress and corset worn by ladies three hundred years ago. In contrast with such hideous distortions, the ladies of to-day use Dr. Warner's celebrated HEALTH and CORALINE corsets, which give grace and beauty of form, with health and comfort of body.

These are now the leading corsets of both Europe and America. Over two million were sold last year in this country alone.

Avoid cheap imitations. Coraline is used in no corsets except those made by us. None are genuine unless "DR. WARNER'S CORALINE" is printed on inside of steel cover. For sale by all leading merchants.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR,
MADE FROM PURE WOOL AND CAMEL'S HAIR.

It is twice as warm as ordinary underwear, which is a mixture of cotton and wool.

It protects the body against colds, catarrh, bronchitis, consumption, neuralgia and malaria.

It is so fine and soft that it will not irritate the most sensitive skin.

It will not shrink if washed according to directions.

Manufactured in all styles of gentlemen's, ladies' and children's underwear and night shirts.

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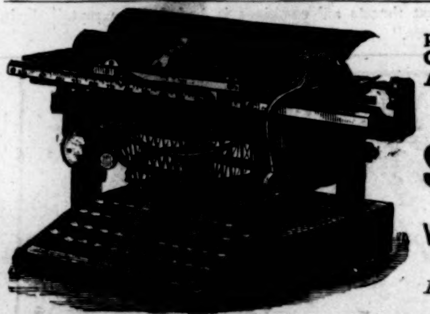

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Standard Typewriter.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.

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Linen papers and Typewriter supplies of all kinds.

NOTE.—*Our unqualified challenge* for a test of all Writing Machines *remains unaccepted.* Send for copy if interested.

C & C ELECTRIC MOTOR.

If you want an Engine to drive a pump, sewing-machine, printing-press, or any other kind of machine without noise, dirt, heat, or trouble, ask the ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. to set up one of our Motors for you. The power is derived from the Electric Light Wires. The Motor is attached just as an Electric Lamp would be. The ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. charges for current used for small Motors about what you pay for the use of a single gas drop light.

Cheapest form of Engine there is, especially for light power purposes.

This Company supplies Electric (primary) Batteries to run small Motors where current from Electric Light Wires cannot be obtained. Send for Circulars.

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THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.

PETRIFIED WOOD.

Cabinet Specimens, Paper Weights, Watch Charms, &c., made of silicified wood from Chalcedony Park, Arizona. Nature's incomparable handiwork in colorings, polished with mirror finish. Send for circular and price-list.

DRAKE COMPANY,
DRAKE BLOCK, ST. PAUL, MINN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

CANDY Send 25c., 75c., $1, $2, $3, or $4, and receive by mail or express, charges prepaid, a handsome box of our celebrated D. K. CANDIES, warranted strictly pure and the finest made. An elegant present. A purchase insures many more. Over 2,500,000 patrons the past year. Address, DAIRY KITCHEN, 44 and 46 East 14th St., Union Square, N. Y. Largest establishment of the kind in existence. Charming music from 12.30 to 12 P. M.

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Adopted as the club standard because the best. The most stylish Toboggans made. Send 25 cents for "The Toboggan," giving full information about the sport, how to build and manage slides. Price-list of Toboggan and general Athletic Goods mailed upon application.

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The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

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The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

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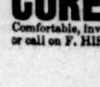

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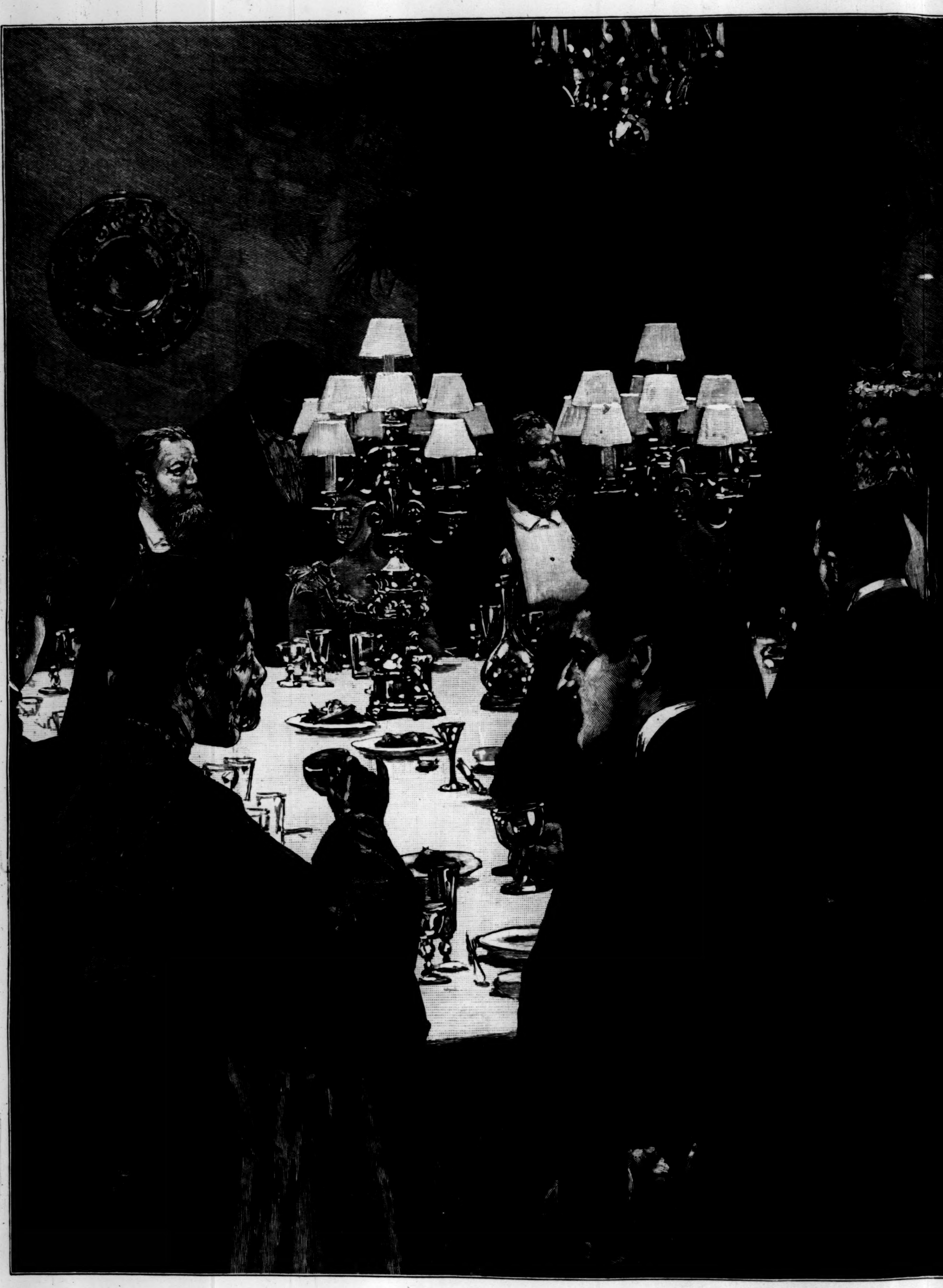
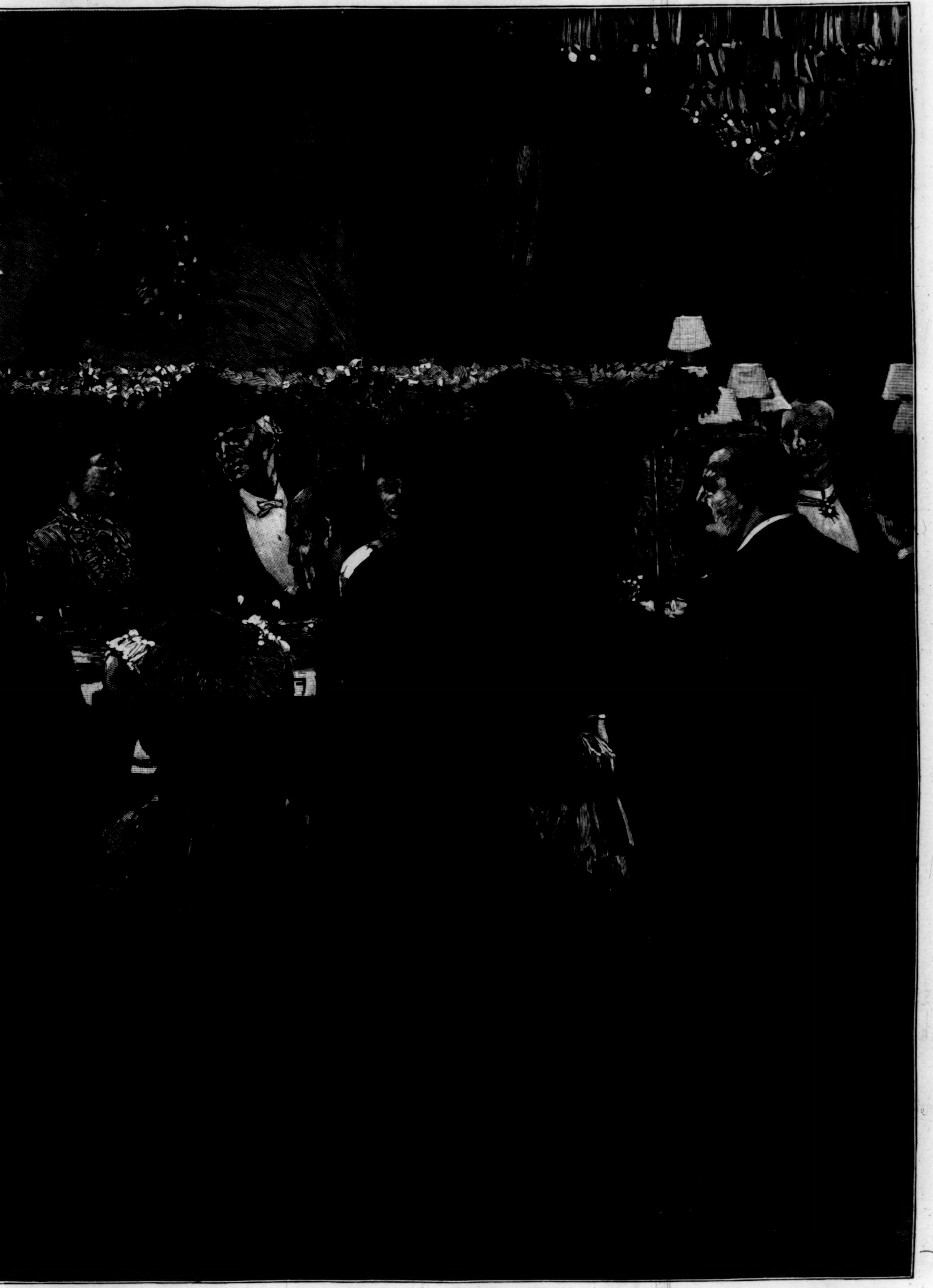


A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.-



E.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 79.]